

P O E M S,  
O N  
SEVERAL OCCASIONS,

BY  
JOHN LAPRAIK.

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# DEDICATION.

TO THE

PARTIAL PUBLIC.

I.

**T**O Dedicate for *sacred use*  
This Book I don't pretend,  
Nor will ascribe and make address  
To man, lest I offend.

II.

The *Partial Public* I address,  
A world both broad and wide;  
And though some *Foes* may me expose,  
Some *Friends* my faults will hide.

## III.

Few things need more to be reform'd,  
Than *dedicating books*;  
Such *glaring flatt'ry* must offend  
Each one, who on it looks.

## IV.

In *ancient days*, some to their praise,  
They did invoke their gods;  
Their meaning was, their aid to crave  
For *Sentiment and Words*.

## V.

Such *Dedications* first gave rise  
To flatter mortal man,  
And say so much unto his *praise*,  
As if he *Faults* had none.

## VI.

The *model* that should be observ'd,  
Is what consists with *truth*:  
Lay *ostentations* all aside,  
Those *corrupters of youth*.

## DEDICATION.

### VII.

I hate to launch out in man's praise;  
I'll rather him excite  
To *Virtue* and to *Wisdom's ways*,  
Then tell he has it got.

### VIII.

Some others, of a modest kind,  
Did Dedicate their *Book*  
To those who would their *Works* correct,  
And their *faults* overlook.

### IX.

Bad consequences must attend  
This mode of *Dedication*;  
It cannot well be justifi'd;  
To *err* it gives occasion.

### X.

At first we *flatt'ry* countenance,  
We likewise excuse *lies*;  
For *Virtues*, *Vices* often pass,  
Our *Patron* for to please:



## DEDICATION.

### XI.

For *flatt'ry* always doth supply,  
By *praise* excessive great,  
What ought to be more valu'd still,  
*Reason* and *true merit*.

### XII.

And who those *Authors* can believe,  
And think they speak the *truth*,  
While that their *Book* begins with *lies*,  
And flatters with broad mouth?

### XIII.

The eloquence of all the age,  
By *flatt'ry* is corrupt;  
The ornament of eloquence  
Is nat'ral sentiment.

### XIV.

Those *Dedications* blow our stile  
To a swell'd *tympany*,  
That nat'ral beauty can't appear  
With true vivacity.



## XV.

Now, *Partial Public*, all I mean  
    'S a *lanthorn* to hold out,  
For to prevent those who fucceed,  
    From splitting on that rock.

## XVI.

I hope you'll not surpris'd be,  
    Why that I don't you praise;  
The World I mean, that's broad and wide,  
    That must think diff'rent ways.

## XVII.

He who's for me will *partial* be  
    In favours of my *Work*;  
I earnestly do him intreat,  
    To buy and read my *Book*.

## XVIII.

He who's against me *partial* is,  
    Though in another sense;  
I him address, in gen'ral terms;  
    My *Book* I on him press;

## XIX.

In which I hope a mixture is  
Of *Sentiment* that's good ;  
And though that bad ones may appear,  
They're not meant to be rude.

## XX.

If ten good men would *Sodom* save  
From being all destroy'd,  
Ten *Sentiments* of mine that's just,  
'Gainst ill ones should provide,

## XXI.

And save my *Book* from all the flames  
Of *public resentment* ;  
And then I am content to be  
The World's humble servant,

JOHN LAPRAIE.

## P R E F A C E.

THE Publication of the following Poems, if such they may be called, proceeds not from motives of ostentation in the Author, nor a desire of discovering to the world his Poetical abilities; neither does he find any violent inclination to wear the laurels of Fame. He is very sensible (though perhaps not so much as he ought to have been) that they are but too much destitute both of the spirit and dress of Poetry, sufficient to justify their appearance in Public; and is well aware, that a great part of mankind may, per-

haps, both treat himself and his Publication, with ridicule and contempt: but, as he never had the vanity to think he was capable of instructing mankind, he will be satisfied if he can here furnish them with something that may contribute to their amusement; and, as there is nothing more common than for one part of the world to laugh at the other, he cannot think he has any just reason to be offended, though he should be laughed at in his turn, as well as others who may think themselves his betters.

IN consequence of misfortunes and disappointments, he was, some years ago, torn from his ordinary way of life, and shut up in Retirement, which he found at first painful and disagreeable. Imagining, however, that he had a kind of turn for *Rhyming*, in order to support his solitude, he set himself to compose the following Pieces, without the least view or design of Publishing them. A



few Friends, however, having accidentally seen them, insisted on him for their Publication, and have at last prevailed.

THE Author, alas! both from his circumstances and manner of life, being constantly engaged in labour or business, was denied that share of Education which is necessary to form the Gentleman and the Poet; and what is more against him still, he has never had leisure to read; so that, what he has wrote, is merely the effect of his own observations on nature, men, and things, and these huddled together without any order or method. But, as he has been careful not to write any thing that might give just cause of offence to any one, or trespass upon the rules of decency and morality, the greatest loss that possibly can be sustained by the Book, is only the loss of it's price. Upon the whole, he throws himself upon the humanity and indulgence of the Public.

HE returns his most sincere thanks to his Subscribers, especially to those who have befriended him by procuring a number of Subscriptions; and, if the perusing of the following Trifles should, for a while, beguile the languid hour, or dispel the load of care from the hearts of any of them, who, like the Author, have been unfortunate, his end in a great measure will be gained, and he will have the satisfaction to think that he has not altogether laboured in vain.

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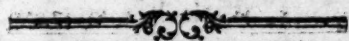
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P O E M S

O N

SEVERAL OCCASIONS.



S P R I N G.

**T**HOU goddess of the blooming Spring  
Inspire my languid lays:  
Come, rouse me up from *sloth* supine,  
And bid me sound thy praise.

The Winter's freezing power is gone;  
The trees, with verdure green,  
B

And blooming flow'rs, all deck the plain,  
Most pleasant to be seen.

The songsters, warbling through their  
throats,

Invite the nymphs all round,  
To join and chant their sprightly notes,  
Which make a joyful sound.

Bright Phœbus, with his *warmth divine*,  
Inspires all things with joy :  
The grapes appear upon the vine,  
Which charm the gazing eye.

The balmy Zephyrs, breathing round,  
Deck flow'rs in various hues ;  
Though Winter's cold had laid them low,  
Kind Spring their bloom renews.

The lowing cattle, from the stalls,  
Do range the fields all round,  
Well pleas'd to taste the tender herb  
Of late not to be found.



The bleating flocks are scatter'd wide  
Upon the sunny hills;  
The frisking lambs do sport and play  
Beside the trickling rills.

The Lark, high soaring in the air,  
Her grateful song does sing;  
And welcomes, with her early notes,  
The all-reviving Spring.

The whistling Ploughman, chearful, goes  
Forth with his harness'd steeds,  
With songs deceives the toilsome day,  
Preparing for the seeds,

All Nature wantons in her prime,  
There's nought but joy around;  
Each creature tunes it's grateful song,  
'Till echoing hills resound.

Oh Man! reflect, be wise in time!  
Improve each passing year!  
Though Spring stern Winter does succeed,  
Thine goes ne'er more t' appear!

Time soon dissolves the *human dream*,  
And brings the *languid hour* ;  
We soon are not what now we seem,  
Our *strength* has lost it's pow'r !

Blest is that man, who fixes firm  
His *hopes* beyond the skies,  
Where frowning Winter ne'er can vex,  
But endless Spring there lies !

## S U M M E R.

**T**HOU joyful, pleasant *Season*, hail!

Welcome thy shining ray!

My *heart* feels transport and delight

Throughout the lengthen'd day!

To wintry *storms* and furlly *blasts*,

Which Nature's works do kill,

And all their ghastly *tribe* of *woes*,

I bid a glad farewell.

Transported now I turn my eyes,

To shining fruitful fields;

To dewy lawns, and all the sweets

That charming Summer yields.

To leafy groves and shady bow'rs,  
My fancy does me lead;  
To orchards, banks, and purling streams,  
Which make my heart right glad,

With rich profusion Nature reigns,  
All artlessly array'd;  
With flow'ry verdure fields are deck'd,  
Without Man's help or aid.

Now Phoebus in his empire shines,  
Takes his stupendous height,  
Gives *vital pow'r* to all below,  
Moves insects to take flight,

By his warm beams are wak'd to life  
Ten thousand tribes of flies;  
Some haunt the woods and some the groves,  
Which all their want supplies.

The bees, the wisest of that train,  
Frequent the meads and moors,  
And suck, on ev'ry hill and dale,  
Sweet honey from all flow'rs.



What Nature, kind and gen'rous, gives  
More than they can devour,  
With *frugal care* they carry home,  
And lay it up in store.

Attend vain thoughtless, careless *Man!*  
Take Solomon's advice,  
Go to the Ant or Bee and learn  
What *solid wisdom* is!

From these a pattern take, and learn  
To husband well your time,  
That, when old age comes, you may have  
No cause for to repine.

How goodly is the prospect now!  
How gay the fields appear!  
Fond hopes of *plenty* thrill each heart,  
And banish ev'ry tear.

Each tree is laden with it's fruit,  
The meads luxuriant grow;  
The waving corn nods on the plain,  
A goodly, glorious show.

Prevent, Great God of Nature! Oh!  
Destructive storms prevent!  
In mercy, to perfection bring  
The *fruits* which thou hast sent!

Chain up the tempest's horrid rage,  
And bid it cease to blow;  
But, above all, defend from frosts,  
That waste where'er they go!

That so the heart of ev'ry one  
With *gratitude* may glow,  
And praise thee, with enraptur'd souls,  
For gifts thou dost bestow.

## H A R V E S T.

G R A V E Autumn comes, with smiling  
face,

And *plenty* in her lap,

To crown the blessings of the year,

And make each heart to leap.

With joy we view the bearded grain

Wave yellow o'er the land ;

And fields of barley, oats, and pease,

Invite the Reaper's hand.

The rustic Hinds and smirking Maids,

With sickles sharp and clear,

Walk jocund forth unto the fields,

When Morning does appear,

C

Beside a field of rip'ned corn,  
They then collected stand,  
To settle who brings up the rear,  
And who shall lead the van.

That done, the Lasses *kilt* their coats,  
The Lads throw their's aside;  
Then each one hies him to his place,  
And o'er the furrows stride.

The lusty sheaves they, instant, swell  
With corn of gen'rous kind;  
The busy Master binds them up,  
To raise the shocks behind.

Around him oft he turns his eye,  
And sees them thick remain,  
To crown his hopes, dispel his fears,  
And recompence his pain.

And aye he binds the other sheaf,  
And picks the other reed;  
And often cries, "Lads, *laigh* and *clean*,  
" Fool haste was never speed."



But soon the prospect's widely chang'd  
O'er all the fields and plains;  
And where the yellow corn late wav'd,  
But *stubble*, nought remains !

The *trees*, erewhile with *verdure* cloth'd,  
Now *naked* are and bare;  
The *wither'd leaf* falls rustling down,  
And scares the tim'rous Hare,

The lofty *stacks* in Barn-yards rise,  
In many a tow'ring cone;  
Cold *North winds* now begin to blow,  
And forest oaks to groan,

No more refreshing show'rs descend,  
Or balmy Zephyrs play:  
The *sun*, fled far beyond the line,  
Shoots forth a *feeble ray*.

While Afric's parch'd and burning plain  
His utmost fury feels,  
Here *flakes of snow* begin to fall,  
The rivers *ice* congeals.

But hark ! what dismal knell is that,  
Which stuns my startled ear !  
My *guilty soul* alarmed shrinks,  
With terror and with fear !

Behold the wounded Partridge whirrs,  
And strives to get away ;  
But Ah ! she falls ! the Sportsman flies  
To seize his dying prey !

The *luckless Bird*, with mournful look,  
The murderer surveys !  
With loosen'd feathers, streaming gore,  
She gapes, and faints, and dies !

## W I N T E R.

**S**TERN Winter comes, with threat'ning  
frown,

Now it must have it's place;  
The sun grows weak, and seems far spent,  
While *frosts* all growth deface.

The verdant foliage of each tree  
Is stript and torn away,  
While Spring and Summer's bloom we see,  
Can now no longer stay.

The Winter now the sceptre sways,  
And nipping *North winds* blow;  
The *frosts* and *ice* make all obey,  
Bind Mills that they can't go.

Most beings feel it's fur'ous hand,  
And with reluctance yield:  
The flowing rills arrested stand,  
While snow o'erspreads the field.

Great tempests roll along the sky;  
The beasts in forests groan!  
Beneath it's force they weary lie,  
Though hid from raging storm.

The plaid-wrapt Herd stands shiv'ring, cold,  
And dares not speel yon rocks,  
To seek such sheep as may be smoor'd,  
And lie as snug's a fox,

The bleating flock, of meat so keen,  
Goes nibbling round the hill;  
Ev'n when the Herd does fore complain,  
Rude Boreas blows chill.

In ir'n-bound frost the grass lies dead,  
And flow'rs that charm'd the eye;  
Yet balmy Zephyrs shall succeed,  
And all that frost destroy.



Some other climes beyond the *line*,  
Have now their *fultry day*;  
Though we lie here and fore repine,  
We know of it's decay.

Yet still there's something gives delight;  
Loud *thunders* seldom roll,  
And *earthquakes* seldom us affright,  
That terrify the *soul*!

May fancy bid hot climes farewell:  
*Diseases* there do rise;  
In this cold clime we're healthy still;  
We're under milder skies.

Then why should we think foreign climes  
Excell our *native land*,  
Where fur'ous earthquakes oft destroy  
What's giv'n by Nature's hand?

The sun appears to lose it's strength,  
When that the days grow short;  
The early night resumes it's length,  
Yet seldom does man hurt.

The skies each morning are serene,  
The clouds all swept aside ;  
The streams with ice congealed are,  
Till wet with some spring tide,

The tenants of the grove all droop,  
With cold they cannot sing ;  
The Blackbird now forgets her song,  
Her harp the colds unstring.

This Winter that hath shut the year,  
Perhaps my *life* may close,  
Then from the *stage* I'll disappear,  
And quit my *joys* and *woes* !

Where are my former years now gone,  
Or what avails my smile,  
Since *Death*, with his *malignant frown*,  
Doth my fond hopes beguile ?

May 'magination build more high,  
Than things on earth that lie,  
And may my thoughts, with ready sigh,  
Reach far beyond the sky !

## P O S T S C R I P T,

My Muse she begs to shift the scene,  
While storms and tempests roar ;  
She's not well pleas'd in this cold time ;  
She's haughty, proud and sour.

She bids me leave my pen, and fly  
Straight to some public Inn,  
Where fire and whisky storms defy,  
And sons of Bacchus sing.

Then send a friendly *quaff* of *Ale*  
Round, foaming o'er the lips ;  
In ev'ry pint a whisky gill,  
Between twa tankards mix.

Then fly the moments sweetly by,  
Though storms that house invest,  
Till fumes of drink and sleep betray  
And lull our tongues to rest.

D

T H E

## P O E T ' S

## A P O L O G Y F O R R H Y M I N G.

**I** As a *Wit* yet ne'er appear'd  
Upon the *stage* of *time*;  
From bus'ness I am now debarr'd—  
'Tis now my 'ploy to *rhyme*.

No satire keen shall make me rage,  
Ev'n though my fate were worse;  
My head's grown empty by *old age*,  
But not so toom's my purse.

My *means* and *credit*, fickle things!  
They both are fled and gone!  
And I my weary days maun pass,  
Unheeded and unknown!



My *wit* and *humour* are despis'd,  
Since e'er I could not pay;  
And never more they shall be priz'd;  
They're forc'd to hop away.

A few good-natur'd, friendly men,  
My hopes shall yet sustain;  
Though my old friends are fled and gone,  
Yet I shall not complain.

They'll cause my worthless *Book* to sell,  
Those friends whom I address;  
May it please all that on it look,  
And *sale* have good success,

On such alone, my smile or frown  
Entirely must depend:  
I've fought strong *battles* with *small means*,  
Yet must yield in the end.

I'm blam'd by some, by some excus'd;  
Each one gives me their list:  
I'll try to please ev'n men unknown,  
Since *Fate sends me adrift!*

Vain is my plea! I need not try  
To speak in my defence!  
Though I'm borne down with prejudice,  
Heav'n knows my innocence!

I'm now content—I'm free from care!  
Let *Fortune* wag for me!  
I shall not fret nor yet despair——  
In peace I hope to die!

With thankfulness, I still shall strive  
To make all matters meet:  
I'll toil for bread as long's I can,  
Take *four* when can't get *sweet*.

And when my pocket can it spare  
(Although 'tis ill my part)  
I'll take a glass myself to chear,  
And raise my *drooping heart*!

With some *true friends* of gen'rous mind,  
I'll sit and chat a while;  
Whatever subject they may start,  
I'll join quite free of *guile*.

If it wont please to speak the truth;

I then shall hold my tongue :

For *flatt'ring lips* I hate as *Hell* ;

I'll rather sing my *song*.

I ne'er could walk with steady air,

But *swing* whiles up whiles down ;

Where *Fortune* leads, I'll follow close,

Ne'er mind her smile or frown.

I ne'er shall court where I dread speed ;

My *wants* I'll rather hide :

If *simple truth* will not succeed,

I by myself shall 'bide.

No glitt'ring gold that e'er was coin'd,

Nor heart tormenting woe,

Shall ever change my *friendly mind*,

Or make me fear my foe.

My outs and ins, and ups and downs,

Oft *wrong*, yet sometimes *right* :

I hate each *rancour* that breaks peace ;

Let each one take his weight.

Whatever turn the matter takes,  
To me is all the same;  
I'll still go on and fight my way,  
And try my *loss* to gain.

I for a *feast* will never fawn,  
Nor pour out my complaint:  
If *welcome's hand* is now withdrawn,  
I'll stay at home content.

I'll make my *pottage*, boil my *kail*,  
Remote and little known:  
With *ink* I'll black the other *sheet*,  
Regardless of man's frown.

I'm not dispos'd to hate mankind,  
Though I their state lament;  
Yet like them best that best like me,  
Whate'er be the event.

I'm not so vain as to pretend  
To teach men to behave;  
Yet still am of a *nobler mind*,  
Than ever be their *slave*.



I love a friend that's frank and free,  
Who tells to me his mind :  
I hate to hing upon a *bank*  
With *hums* and *has* confin'd.

Friendship's a true and trusty tie ;  
But if we break the links,  
The whole of secrets out must flie,  
Each speaks o't as he thinks.

---

## ADVICE TO A FRIEND.

**M**Y *friend*, give ear to my advice,  
If *wisdom* you do chuse :  
This subject has my silence broke,  
I now invoke my *Muse*.

From vain *contests* I beg you'll cease,  
And likewise low *pursuits*,  
And learn the road to happiness,  
By leaving off disputes.

Why should your *soul*, that can't here stay,  
Of wealth or riches boast?  
Or why should you for honour hunt,  
If found at Virtue's cost?

Can all these empty *nothings* save  
Yourself or friend from pain,  
While injur'd *Virtue* stands and pleads  
You will your *honour* stain?

Avoid with care each word and deed,  
That may cause future grief:  
For *death* will come and level all,  
From which there's no relief!

That *stern destroyer* spares no man,  
But fast on him doth seize;  
Yet still vain, thoughtless *mortals* strive,  
How they themselves may please!

He bids his moments slowly run,  
Till he increase his wealth;  
And when his pleasure's past and gone  
He then will welcome death!

But when death comes, observe the fears  
That in his bosom roll:  
They are so great, he's so dismay'd,  
They tear his very soul!

He has one *fear* above the rest,  
That much disturbs his heart;  
He and his much-lov'd, worthy friend,  
Call'd *Mammon*, they must part.

Cold sweat bedews his *ghastly face*,  
A symptom of his death!  
And *horror* shakes his ev'ry limb,  
Ere he's depriv'd of breath!

He owns his bustle to be great  
Was but a gilded pill—  
He fanci'd he should live more years,  
And also flourish still;

And down to latest times transmit  
His *greatness* and his *fame*,  
And publish wide to ev'ry land  
His great and mighty name:  
E

But see his friends around him stand,

Till once his eyes are shut:

They seize his purse, and all his store,

Yet never thank him for't:

Then quickly to the *grave* him take,

As soon as he is dead,

And piously they make a shew,

When laying in his head.

Repine not then! my worthy Friend!

Though you want *pomp* and *shew*:

Free to some men are all those things,

Although deni'd to you.

Why should you envy him whose lot,

Compar'd with your's, is worse?

For what he thought a *blessing* once,

It proves at last a *curse*!



## E P I S T L E

T O

R \* \* \* \* T B \* \* \* S.

O Far fam'd RAB! my silly Muse,  
 That thou sae fraif'd langsyne,  
 When she did scarce ken *verse* by *prose*,  
 Now dares to spread her wing.

Unconscious of the least desert,  
 Nor e'er expecting fame,  
 I sometimes did myself divert,  
 Wi' jingling worthless *rhyme*.

E 2

When sitting lanely by myself,  
Just unco griev'd and wae,  
To think that *Fortune*, fickle Joe!  
Had kick'd me o'er the brae!

And when I was amaisht half-drown'd  
Wi' dolefu' grief and care,  
I'd may-be rhyme a verse or twa,  
To drive away *despair*.

Or when I met a *chiel* like you,  
Sae gi'en to *mirth* an' *fun*,  
Wha lik'd to speel Parnassus' hill  
An' drink at Helicon,

I'd aiblins catch a wee bit spark  
O' his *Poetic fire*,  
An' rhyme awa like ane half-mad,  
Until my Muse did tire.

I lik'd the Lasses unco weel,  
Langsyne when I was young,  
Which sometimes kittled up my Muse  
To write a kind *love sang*;

Yet still it ne'er ran in my head,  
To trouble Mankind with  
My dull, insipid, thowless rhyme,  
And stupid, senseless stuff;

Till your kind Muse, wi' *friendly blast*,  
First tooted up my *fame*,  
And sounded loud, through a' the Wast,  
My lang forgotten name.

Quoth I, " Shall I, like to a sumph,  
" Sit *douff* and *dowie* here,  
" And suffer the ill-natur'd warld  
" To ca' RAB BURNS a liar.

" He says that I can sing fu' weel,  
" An' through the warld has sent it—  
" Na; faith I'll *rhyme* a hearty blaud,  
" Though I should aye repent it."

Syne I gat up, wi' unco glee,  
And snatch'd my grey goose quill,  
An' cry'd, " Come here, *my Muse*, fy come,  
" An' *rhyme* wi' a' your skill."

The *Hizzy* was right sweer to try't,  
An' scarce wad be persuaded:  
She said, I was turn'd *auld* an' *stiff*,  
My *youthfu' fire* quite faded.

Quoth she, " Had ye begun langsyne,  
" When ye were brisk and young,  
" I doubtna but ye might hae past,  
" And sung a glorious sang:

" But now ye're clean gane out o' tune,  
" Your auld *grey scaulp* turn'd bare:  
" Mair meet that ye were turning *douse*,  
" And try'ng to say your *pray'r*.

" The folk's a' laughin at you, else,  
" Ye'll gar them laugh aye faster:  
" When ye gang out, they'll point and say,  
" There gangs the *Poetafter*."

" D--l care," said I, " haud just your tongue,  
" Begin and nae mair say;  
" I maun maintain my *honour* now,  
" Though I should seldom pray!



" I oft when in a merry tift  
" Have rhym'd for my diversion;  
" I'll now go try to *rhyme* for bread  
" And let the world be clashin'."

" Weel, weel," says she, " sin ye're sae bent,  
" Come, let us go begin then;  
" We'll try to do the best we can,  
" I'm sure we'll aye say something."

Syne till 't I gat, an' rhym'd away,  
'Till I hae made a *Book* o't,  
An' though I should rue 't a' my life,  
I'll gie the world a look o't.

I'm weel aware the greatest part  
(I fain hope not the whole)  
Will look upon't as senseless stuff,  
And me's a crazy fool.

Whether that it be nonsense a'  
Or some o't not amiss,  
And whether I've done right or wrang,  
I leave the world to guess:

But I should tell them, by the bye;  
Though it is may-be idle,  
That fint a *book* scarce e'er I read,  
Save ance or twice the *Bible*.

An' what the *learned folk* ca' *grammar*,  
I naething ken about it;  
Although I b'lieve it be owre true,  
Ane can do nought without it.

But maist my life has just been spent  
(Which to my cost I feel)  
In fechtin fair wi' *luckless brutes*,  
Till they kick'd up my heel.

Now fare-ye-weel, my guid frien' RAN,  
May *luck* and *health* attend ye;  
If I do weel, I'll bless the day  
That e'er I came to ken ye:

But on the tither han', should folk  
Me for my nonsense blason,  
Nae doubt I'll curse th' unlucky day,  
I listen'd to your fraisin.

May that great *Name* that ye hae got

Untainted aye remain!

And may the *Laurels* on your head

Ay flourish fresh and green!

The LORD maintain your honour aye,

And then ye needna fear,

While I can write, or speak, or think,

I am your frien' sincere!

---

A W I S H,

**M**AY great KEITH STEWART'S  
Angel lend

To him long life to be my friend!

May year to year so long extend,

Till he excell,

And may he ne'er with wrath be fir'd,

Nor anger fell!

May the strong hammer of GOD'S  
hand

Bear down his foes and them command,

That they, with terror, fear'd may stand,  
And trembling shake,

Till he go *victor* o'er the land,

One age complete!

His *fame*, like cannons may it roar,

Till age of ninety or five score,

For *good deeds* done among the poor,

About MUIRKIRK,

Then Angels waft him to that shore

Where 'tis ne'er mirk!



## E P I S T L E

T O

A. R \* \* \* \* N.

## A L A W Y E R O N C L Y D E.

**Y**E *Lawyers* on CLYDE,  
 By your own bus'ness 'bide,  
 Let *Poets* rhyme on wi' their blether;  
 If they hae some flaws,  
 You should plead their cause,  
 I think ye're baith honest and clever,  
 If *money* they make,  
 You should hae a *stake*,  
 You may be ta'en in for a brother;

You rhyme pretty well,  
And tell a good tale,  
And write it tight down with your feather.

But if you'll not be nice,  
I'll gie my *advice*,  
Though that's rather your occupation;  
If 'tis wrong what I say,  
Take just your own way,  
No offence I do mean to occasion.

My friend, never chide,  
Let *truth* be your guide,  
Be worthy the world's *esteem*:  
I can't you upbraid,  
You ne'er me betray'd;  
Therefore you're to me what you seem.

When your *Client* comes in,  
Ne'er speer wha's his kin,  
If he have a weighty good purse:  
Seem *blythe* and *humane*,  
Say you are his frien',  
And that he can't come to the worse.

Through *thick* and through *thin*,  
Be sure you step in;  
Be brazen and impudent bold;  
Ne'er let want of *cash*  
Appear by your blush,  
And when you've got *grips* keep the *bold*.  
Are you ask'd an advice,  
On a point that is nice,  
Your doubts you must never express;  
Answer him in a trice:  
Don't let him ask twice;  
If you're doubtful, then make a bold *guess*.  
Be nimble and quick,  
And catch't in the nick;  
Be't right or be't wrong say't at once:  
For if you *hum* and *ba*,  
And have nought to say,  
Ye're sure to be ta'en for a *dunce*.  
When you meet with a *bash*,  
That's fear'd for his *cash*,  
His *pocket* be sure you purge well;

And, if you be wise,  
Make the most of your prize;  
Keep the *kernel*, let him take the *shell*.

If your *cause* should be lost,  
Swear the *Judge* is unjust,  
And that you've done all that you could,  
Say, you're vex'd for your friend,  
And bid him suspend:  
'Twill at least do a *brother* some good,

May your *conscience* attend,  
And at your elbow stand;  
When disputing, may she step between,  
To settle the point,  
And quell the dispute,  
And deprive him of swearing that's keen,

These *lines* from a *Poet*,  
Quite void of all merit,  
Who jingles his rhymes o'er the *globe*,  
As a remembrancer,  
Let pass for an answer—  
My *heart* for each friend gives a *throb*,



O N T H E

IN the year Sixty-nine and Sev'nty,  
The *Notes* amongst men were too plenty:  
They took their glafs and were right canty;  
They little thought,  
That *plenty*, when 'tis misimproven,  
Brings men to *nought*.

The cry went through from *pole* to *pole*,  
There's *credit* here for ev'ry soul;  
If he's well back'd, without control,  
He shall have *Money*:  
'Tis bitter fauce to each one now,  
That then was honey.

This *credit* went o'er all the County;  
It was as ready as *King's Bounty*;  
But now there is not one of twenty  
That can get rest;  
*Hornings* are going every day,  
They're so oppress'd,

If I might pick some men by name,  
Wha did lay out a decent *scheme*;  
They're foolish folk wha those men blame;  
For their intention  
Was to make ev'ry *crown* a *pound*  
By this invention,

In midst of their industr'ous scheme,  
Their *money* is requir'd again;  
He now is sad wha then was fain;  
The secret's kent;  
His *profits* he has not got in,  
And's money's spent,

And then what Creditors he has  
Come running on him with a blaze;

Each telling that he must have his,  
Or caution get;  
Then *diligence* against him goes;  
Syne he's laid *flat*!

Those consequences are so bad,  
That many wish they ne'er had had  
Such *credit*; for they're us'd, by G—d!  
Not like to men;  
Yet seldom own that they themselves  
Were much to blame;

Man, *Agar's wish*, should not exceed,  
To pray for what's his daily bread:  
Industr'ous he should be indeed  
To gain the same;  
But if his bread should scanty be  
He none should blame;

Should one, who for some Cent'ries past,  
Has been a *Laird* baith East and West,  
Make such a volley and a blast,  
And say, he'll not

G

Yield up the cause, though he should die  
Upon the spot?

Or why should men ev'n think it strange,  
Though PROVIDENCE should make a  
change?

It can't be said it is revenge,

Though he make Laird,  
Ev'n that man whom we do despise  
And disregard.



P O E M S.

31

O N A

BAD LAMBING-TIME

April, 1782.

**T**HIS April Eighty-two, I think,  
On most Moor Farmers does not blink;  
It's cold doth make *frail sheep* to shrink:  
It stops the growth,  
And makes the *Ewes*, with their young *Lambs*,  
Sing a poor *south*!

Though it be hard to have such weather,  
Men must own they deserve no better:  
Should *charity* and *mercy* haters  
Claim seasons good?  
No—while they're so, the wise CREATOR  
May pinch their *food*.

How thankful ought Mankind to be,  
Ev'n high and low in each degree,  
That *peace* and *plenty* still they see

In all our borders ?

Yet still how much do men despise

The *Scripture orders* ?

Since men will not act with discretion,  
They'll punish'd be for their transgression :  
Should each of us wish for a nation,

And think that we

Will cause our fellow-mortals kneel,

And homage gie ?

To him wha nat'rally is a *clown*,  
With *greed* and *pride* he can't sleep sound,  
But plagues his neighbours up and down

With's *luck* and *thrift*,

And chides the poor for poverty,

And purses light.

Sure Nature's laws should be obey'd,  
And *youth* for *old age* should provide ;

Therefore that can't be laid aside,  
Use *lawful means* :  
For *loth* will never gain the bread  
Of *wise* and *weans*.

If prosp'rous ways man's heart would tame,  
He then would certainly think shame;  
And he his neighbours ne'er would blame  
For their *hard fate* :  
The same *distress* may fall on him,  
Though it be late!

But if men treasures up would lay,  
It should be what will with him stay :  
It is not *pelf* and *mould'ring clay*,  
Those they can't move,  
And carry hence, where they should gae ;  
I mean *above*.

His *earthly mind* man can't get up  
To soar aloft like Lark or Kite :  
Their passions *reason* do out-wit,  
And them do fether,

How thankful ought Mankind to be,  
Ev'n high and low in each degree,  
That *peace* and *plenty* still they see

In all our borders?  
Yet still how much do men despise  
The *Scripture orders*?

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And chides the poor for poverty,  
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Sure Nature's laws should be obey'd,  
And *youth* for *old age* should provide;



Therefore that can't be laid aside,  
Use *lawful means* :  
For *noth* will never gain the bread  
Of *wife* and *weans*.

If prosp'rous ways man's heart would tame,  
He then would certainly think shame;  
And he his neighbours ne'er would blame  
For their *hard fate* :  
The same *distress* may fall on him,  
Though it be late!

But if men treasures up would lay,  
It should be what will with him stay :  
It is not *pelf* and *mould'ring clay*,  
Those they can't move,  
And carry hence, where they should gae ;  
I mean *above*.

His *earthly mind* man can't get up  
To soar aloft like Lark or Kite :  
Their passions *reason* do out-wit,  
And them do fether,

And when their days wear near an end,  
They scarce grow better.

But were they like a Sportsman's tyke,  
When whipt, they would their master like;  
Though, for the present, they may fike,  
And cry aloud;  
Yet, if they read the riddle right,  
'Tis for their good,

For ev'ry *son* that God doth love,  
With chastisements he will him prove;  
If *sanctifi'd*, it will him move  
To thank his God,  
Who did reclaim him, in his *love*,  
By such a rod.

All chastisements, each man will own,  
Are grievous for the present time:  
If they improve, like *salt* and *lime*,  
They bring a *crop*;  
*Repentance'* fruits they may be call'd,  
By *grace* begot,

## A Q U E R Y

A F T E R

## H A P P I N E S S.

**W**HENE'ER we see the *blooming Youth*,  
With *vigour* and with *strength*,  
Ride with his splendid retinue,  
And crowned with great wealth;

When he's carefs'd by all that's great,  
And lov'd by all that's fair,  
We will not hesitate to say,  
That *happiness* dwells there;

But *happiness'* foundation is  
More stable in it's seat,  
Than opulence of circumstance,  
Or favours of the *Great*.

They, like the *Rainbow*, do appear  
Right splendid at a distance;  
But towards it, though we advance,  
We meet with no resistance:

It still at the same distance is,  
As formerly it was;  
By this, we see, we can't fix bounds  
For perfect *happiness*.

Can one say, "I have gain'd my point;  
" Here I will take my rest:  
" I have got *happiness* complete,  
" And now I'm fully blest;

" And nothing more I do expect,  
" And nothing more I wish?"  
No—surely, while on *Earth* we stay,  
It cannot be the case.

Some may perhaps say, "'Tis in vain,  
" And foolish our pretence,  
" Since that it cannot be attain'd,  
" By ease in circumstance."



No—It is sure our bus'ness still  
To do all for the best ;  
And though our disappointment's great,  
From *duty* ne'er desist.

Since happiness can't be complete,  
But it may need addition,  
Our *miseries* are likewise so,  
While in this middle station.

The *fact* is indisputable,  
That none can here enjoy  
Such *happiness* as is in heav'n,  
Or feel hell's misery.

But are all equ'ly *happy* here ?  
Is what we need not ask :  
To prove that, none would undertake ;  
It is too hard a task.

How var'ous are men's motives all ?  
How var'ous are the ways,  
In which man *happiness* pursues,  
Yet not successful is ?

H

Undoubtedly each man does think

He takes the nearest way,  
To fix himself in *happiness*,  
Though *Fate* against him say,

“ It is not there : you entertain  
“ Wrong notions where it lies :  
“ You run too fast in quest of it,  
“ And so you miss the *prize*.”

Another may object, and say,  
“ Each man should take his mind ;  
“ His judgement surely will him lead  
“ To where he *bliss* may find.

“ Though he shall so unlucky be  
“ As it not to attain,  
“ His fancy still produces more  
“ That he'll pursue most keen.”

But may not man be much surpris'd,  
That, when he often thinks  
He will it grasp, and hold it fast,  
Yet still from him it jinks ?

Which plainly shews, we're quite mista'en  
Of both the *means* and *end*  
Of what we wish'd for to obtain,  
Though it we should have kenn'd.

On *wealth* and *honour*, idle toys!  
Men build their hopes of bliss;  
Without their aid, they vainly think  
They'll ne'er get *happiness*:

But when these envi'd things they've got,  
They then expect full *joy*:  
But Ah! they find 'tis all a cheat,  
And mix'd with much *alloy*!

Ask you the *Learn'd* where's happiness,  
Alas! he cannot tell!  
He owns of that he's ignorant;  
He feels some wants himself!

The *Miser* thinks he will it find  
In coffers full of riches;  
With these he can't be satisf'd,  
But still for more he itches:

The dread of losing what he has  
Heap'd up with so much care,  
Torments him fore; so I conclude,  
No *happinefs* is there.

The *Lover*, who successful is,  
Thinks that a few days mair  
Will bring his *Charmer* to his arms,  
And banish all his care:

But when that happy day is come,  
And her he does possess,  
He must confess, he has not got  
What's perfect *happinefs*.

But still the question's unresolv'd;  
What then brings *happinefs*?  
Or, where is it for to be found?  
Ye *Wits*, come tell me this.

He that his *duty* understands,  
And does it still practise;  
Who loves his neighbour as himself,  
And strives his God to please;



Who *truth* doth cherish and adore,  
Who *falsehood* hates as Hell;  
Who's kind and friendly to the poor,  
And of no man speaks ill;

Who's free of all ambitious views,  
And proof against temptation;  
Who's free of *envy*, *spite*, and *care*,  
Contented with his station—

Such is the *man*, if such there be,  
Who *happiness* can get;  
Yet after all, while in this life,  
We'll be with cares beset.

Yet in the next, I hope we shall  
*Eternal joy* possess;  
All our desires be gratifi'd,  
And live in *endless bliss*!

## R E F L E C T I O N S

O N

## H O G M A N A I. \*

**W**HAT solemn sound is this I hear!  
The Clock strikes *Twelve* this night!  
Here I may stop, and fore lament,  
*Time past* yields small delight!

The Eighty-sev'n is now begun,  
The Eighty-six is past;  
Though with my *Friends* I now have joy,  
Yet this may be my last!

Sure this, or some one, in few years,  
Makes me to be *no more*!  
A few unhealthful, painful days,  
Puts *life's poor play* quite o'er!

\* Last night of the Year.

'Tis *death* alone I wish to shift,  
And fain would try to shun;  
But ev'ry hour proclaims aloud,  
My *glass* is nearly run!

Soon shall the *bell* proclaim I'm dead—  
My *bed's* in yon *cold grave*!  
Soon shall my *Spirit* take it's flight,  
To *Him* who it me gave,

And join *society*, unknown  
To me while I drew breath!  
Since this is certain, all my care's  
To be prepar'd for *death*!

Then why should I so anxious be,  
And so much wish to know,  
Whether kind heav'n give me short life,  
Or num'rous years bestow?

If this year Eighty-sev'n's my last,  
*Eternal Wisdom*! grant,  
That I may keep *death* in my view,  
Prepar'd for the event!

*Time*, like a *flood*, runs with career  
And can't return again;  
The moments of the former year  
Are as they ne'er had been!

*Earth* to the *Earth* returns again;  
And *dust* unto it's *dust*;  
The present time is only ours;  
The future we can't trust!

He only lives that's still content,  
And free of anxious cares,  
Who does enjoy the present time  
And not the future fears!

Who *virtue* loves through all his life;  
And lets all troubles fly;  
He's happy while he's here on Earth,  
And happy shall he *die*!



T H E

P O E T ' S F A R E W E L L

T O H I S

N A T I V E C O U N T R Y .

I.

**F**AREWELL, ye dear, delightful fields!

Where first my breath I drew!

Farewell, my much respected *Friends*!

I bid you all adieu!

For other fields, and other plains,

And other clouds and skies;

For other distant, unknown scenes,

I now must sail the seas!

I

## II.

In *Spring*, which decks the *blooming year*,  
With flow'rs both fresh and gay,  
I pull'd those flow'rs that were so fair;  
But now, I must away!  
I wonder'd at the scene so gay,  
With colours of each hue;  
In innocence I spent each day,  
Yet bid those days adieu!

## III.

Oft from the noisy, irksome din  
Of bus'ness I retir'd,  
And walked in the woods so green,  
Or by the river's side!  
On *Contemplation's* airy wing  
My 'raptur'd fancy flew;  
But now ye woods, ye charming springs,  
I bid you all adieu!

## IV.

With ease I spent my *youthful days*;  
My *Friends* they me careft;

Quite free of *care*, in sports and plays,  
I was supremely blest!  
I ne'er envi'd the *Rich* nor *Great*,  
Nor strove them to pursue;  
Yet now I leave my *native seat*,  
And bid a long adieu!

## V.

When standing on yon river side,  
Where trees and bushes grow,  
Where Nature's deck'd in flow'ry pride,  
And murm'ring streams do flow,  
I listen'd to the pleasing strain  
That echo'd through the vale—  
No longer here I must remain,  
And so I bid farewell!

## VI.

My time I often have employ'd,  
Here to invoke the *Muse*;  
Her *aid* I earnestly implor'd,  
And seldom was refus'd.

I often fought some cool retreat,  
My thoughts there to review;  
But now I'm forc'd, by *cruel Fate*,  
To bid them all adieu!

## VII.

I often to some shady grove  
Retir'd from the profane;  
There I have tri'd, though vain I strove,  
To emulate the strain  
Of Birds that warbled from each bush,  
And chant the woods all through;  
The Linnet, Blackbird, and the Thrush,  
Ye Songsters all, adieu!

## VIII.

My *native spot*, on banks of A Y R,  
May sweets adorn thy soil!  
Let Nature's blooming face so fair,  
Aye bless thee with her smile!  
Let flow'rs of ev'ry various kind,  
Each colour and each hue,  
Produce such sweets as suit the mind  
Of ev'ry *Friend* that's true!



## IX.

You *Friends*, who grac'd my little *book*,  
And share my joy and *woe*,  
May *health* and *peace* still be your lot,  
And *wealth* still on you flow!  
Your friendship I will ne'er forget;  
I'll to your mem'ry kneel!  
To ev'ry *Friend*, with aching heart,  
I bid a sad farewell!

## X.

Unweari'd love, and anxious wish,  
Besides parental care,  
Do claim a chearful, parting *Glass*,  
With those my *Friends* who are,  
Where we will sing and take farewell,  
With hearts both *kind* and *true*——  
Here I must stop; my heart is full,  
God bless you all! adieu!

## M E N C O M P L A I N

O F T H E

## S H O R T N E S S O F T I M E .

O F all the inconsistencies  
For which men are to blame,  
None, sure, are less excusable,  
Than waste of *precious time*.

That *human life* is but a *blink*,  
Men constantly complain;  
Yet mark their conduct, and you'll think  
They always would remain.

The children long for to be boys,  
The boys for to be men,  
And gladly would cancel the years,  
Which lie the two between.

The Minor longs to be of age,  
His *freedom* to obtain;  
And, if he could, would gladly leap,  
From twelve to twenty-one.

The weary Lab'rer, on the sun,  
His eye does often fix,  
And listens oft, with anxious ear,  
To hear the Clock strike fix.

The Usurer would be well pleas'd,  
Each hour away to cut,  
Which lies between the time he lends  
And should his int'rest get.

The Lover would be happy still,  
To strike those moments off,  
Which do so slowly creep away,  
Before he meet his *Love*.

Ev'n several hours of ev'ry day  
Hang heavy on our hands,  
While we do fret, and pine, and wish,  
That they were at an end.

Thus foolish *man*, through all his life,  
'S tormented day and night: .  
Some future period still he hopes  
Will yield him more delight.

That comes and goes, yet never does  
At all the matter mend,  
Till *hoary hairs*, and *wrinkled brow*,  
Proclaim th' approaching end!

Envious *time* is on the wing,  
And flies swift as a *post*;  
O! seize the moments as they run!  
The *hour* that's past is lost!

The *present time* is only our's;  
The *future's* yet unborn;  
The *past* is gone, for ever gone!  
And we it's loss may mourn!



## A D V I C E

T O A

## Y O U N G F R I E N D .

A CCEPT, my much respected Friend!  
The worthless *lays* I've penn'd;  
Though they may be of *merit* free,  
They're meant not to offend.

How blest and happy is that youth,  
If such a youth there be,  
Who is of *malice* and *envy*,  
And of *ill-nature* free?

Whose breast ne'er swells with passions fierce,  
Nor's puffed up with pride;  
Who sees the *faults* that are his own,  
And strives his friend's to hide?

K

Who to the will of *Providence*,  
In ev'ry state's resign'd,  
And ev'ry turn of *Fortune* bears  
Still with an equal mind?

Who lives and's not afraid of *death*,  
But still keeps't in his eye,  
And learneth, through the whole of life,  
That irksome task—to *Die*?

Dear Sir, let honour be your guide,  
In all your *words* and *deeds*;  
Frequent sweet *Virtue's* lovely path;  
To happiness she leads.

Avoid with care those wicked youths,  
And still their ways despise,  
Who bring young Maids to *endless shame*,  
Regardless of their cries.

May thou soon find a worthy *Wife*,  
Who on thy ways may smile:  
Let not ambition, pride, nor wealth,  
Thy friendly heart beguile:

Then when the *Muse* my bosom fires,  
 And captivates my soul,  
 My glowing heart, and 'raptur'd tongue,  
 Thy praises loud will tell.



## T I M E,

HOW THOUGHTLESSLY WE LET IT PASS.

**I**F we would wisely count our *time*,  
 'Tis not by the amount  
 Of years we've liv'd, but what improv'n,  
 And turned to account.

Alas! we trifles mind; but what  
 We're bound and ought to do,  
 We always practise with regret,  
 And seldom it pursue.

If we will take a look around  
On all within our sight,  
We'll see they're *baubles* all and *toys*,  
In which men take delight!

Which make us much despis'd while here;  
And, when we're dead and gone,  
Our *mem'ry* rots; we're quite *forgot*,  
And never thought upon!

Where we have liv'd no man can know,  
Our *steps* he cannot trace;  
For others have succeeded us,  
And filled up our place!

Be wise in time, ye sons of men!  
And *wisdom* true practise:  
For very pleasant are her ways,  
And all her paths are peace!



O N T H E

INCONSIDERATION OF MANY

I N

ENTERING INTO WEDLOCK.

**T**HERE's not a period of man's life  
That does require more thought,  
Than when he wishes in his heart,  
In *Wedlock* to be brought.

To chuse a *Partner* for one's life,  
And be united close,  
Makes future *happiness* depend,  
Or *mis'ry*, which is worse:

Yet, with what thoughtlessness we see  
Men haste to celebrate  
The *Nuptials*, which perhaps may doom  
Their *sorrow* and *disqui't*?

*Marriage* was institute by Him  
Who made the Universe,  
The *greatest blessing* human life  
Could on this earth possess;

But Oh! Alas! how frequently  
This *blessing* is revers'd,  
By follies that most men commit,  
By which they're fore distress'd!

Were men to act more prudently,  
And walk more circumspect,  
In matters of importance great,  
And on their ways reflect;

So often they would not complain  
Of *disappointments* great;  
*Domestic disputes* ne'er would rise,  
Could they but one way think,

*Contention*, sure, can never miss

To give them days of pain :

Their midnight slumber's much disturb'd

By thought that's not serene.

Sure Heav'n's design was nothing less,

If *sacred truths* you'll read,

Than man to have a *bosom friend*,

When in conjunction wed :

To whom he might, in confidence,

His *secrets* most impart ;

Yea, each to other should display

Sensations of the heart.

In company, they sweets enjoy,

In conversation bright ;

*Conjugal sentiments* they'll speak,

Of feelings which delight.

Mankind, in their *select pursuit*,

Are too apt to prefer

*External beauty*, or ev'n *wealth*,

To what surmounteth far :

The permanent accomplishments,  
Of *virtue* and *good sense*,  
Do far exceed *beauty* and *wealth*,  
Though few this truth defends,

Were *beauty*, *virtue*, and *good sense*,  
All complicate together,  
With mod'rate share of *worldly wealth*,  
They'd make a lasting pleasure.

Experience ev'ry day may teach;  
That *beauty* does live short;  
The *happiness* it does produce  
Is a delusive sort.

The *passion* soon is satiate  
With personable charms,  
Where *mental intellects* do not  
Join close with *beauty's flames*,

*Grandeur* and *beauty* only serve  
Anxiety to gild,  
Which at some time may bring disgust,  
That cannot be conceal'd,



How many are there on this earth,  
Their *marr'age* who repent?  
What they do wish, they wish in vain,  
There's nought but *death* can men' 't.

Let others seek for *pomp* and *state*,  
And *honour*, to gratify,  
They'll see their folly, though too late,  
That all's but vanity!

The *feast* of *reason* me shall feed,  
With a full flow of soul;  
And if *kind Fate* shall lead the way,  
I ne'er shall have control!

L

## T O T H E P R A I S E

O F

## C H A R I T Y.

**T**HOU *mother virtue!* with men stay!

Thy soft'ning hand is meek!

If man want thee, his heart is cold;

Tears ne'er can wet his cheek!

Blest *emanation* of the *mind!*

Thou'rt from a pow'r divine;

Thou wak'st each *grace* that man may have,

And *passions* dost refine!

Thou breath'st smooth *gales* of *gratitude*

To Heav'n, who mercy sends!

Thy aspect mild, and pitying eye,

Relieve both foes and friends!

From some *celestial* place thou com'st;  
Thy prospect boundless lies;  
From Heav'n to Earth thou still presides;  
Thou cur'st our *groans* and *sighs*!

Here wretched *sons* of *sorrow* toil,  
*Poor, helpless, and forlorn,*  
Till thy kind hand, with healing smile,  
Doth bid them cease to mourn!

When wand'ring, may thou point the way  
Through dark *affliction's* night!  
Fond Charity, pray bear the sway!  
May man in thee delight!

(Soft is yon balm distilling sky;  
Warm Zephyrs wake the year;  
Then *beauty* charms th' enraptur'd eye,  
And *melody* the ear!

The flow'ry shrubs send forth their smell;  
Their scent is rich perfume,  
To *love* and *pity* equal born,  
At morning and at noon!

Beneath the sun's sweet, temp'ring rays,  
Strong nerves support man's toil;  
Greefs, fulky groans, must take their flight;  
*Heav'n's peace* makes patience smile!)

Thou *Heav'n-born gift*, of pow'r divine,  
In thee true blifs men find;  
'Tis thee whom Jove delights to view;  
For thou art boundless kind!

How great's thy blifs! thou still reliev'st  
All who are in distress;  
Whose *sorrow's agonizing smart*,  
Their *joys* do far surpass!

How does man's breast with ardour glow,  
To Him who gave him birth,  
More strong than *genial sun*, which warms  
All things that grow on earth!

With great *remorse* man may repine,  
And think how he must mourn,  
Secluded from the *sweets of life*,  
With *pain* and *anguish* torn!



'Tis he alone who craves thy aid;  
Thy feeling heart must bleed,  
While adverse, with his heavy hand,  
He holds his drooping head!

Unnumber'd *woes* attend man's state,  
Ev'n frowns of *angry Fate*!  
Man's feeble mind can't those things bear!  
His diffidence is great!

His *ruin'd state* doth cause him mourn;  
His tow'ring height of fame  
Is so reduc'd, and brought so low,  
His breast is fill'd with shame!

Sure *friendship kind* will joy impart,  
And thaw the breast that froze;  
Then shall it ease the *bleeding heart*  
Of all it's *cares and woes*!

## M A N ' S

## C R E A T I O N A N D F A L L.

A T first, when all things formed were,  
And *Man* was form'd at last,  
God gave him wisdom to govern  
And rule o'er ev'ry beast,

To ev'ry *living creature*, he  
Did give it's proper name;  
So that, they might man's voice obey,  
And tremble at the same.

When Adam all the creatures nam'd,  
Amongst them were not found  
A *help* or *friend*, whom he could love,  
Till God made him sleep sound,

God took a *Rib* from Adam's side;  
And clos'd up flesh and skin;  
A *help* to Adam God did make,  
That he did like full keen.

They in a *garden* then were plac'd;  
*Eden* they did it call;  
The *Tree of Knowledge* both did eat,  
Which made us sinful all.

He little knowledge of Eve had,  
Till she usurp'd a pow'r;  
At least entic'd him for to eat  
*Fruits, whose effects were sour.*

They fond were of each other, sure,  
And meaning to be happy;  
But cred'lous Eve, she did believe  
The *Serpent* that spoke pretty.

She, thoughtless, took advice, and eat,  
Not dreading any *evil*;  
She little thought the *Serpent* was  
Nought but the *subtle Devil*.

The *bad effects* this eating had,  
O! it is plainly seen!  
We, contrar' to the *laws* of God,  
Have plac'd ourselves most keen!

The *laws* of God and Nature are  
Right easy to obey;  
And, were our natures not corrupt,  
We from them would not stray;

But what we're *bidden*, that we'll not  
Perform without a grudge;  
And what's forbidden, that we'll do,  
At least in our heart lodge:

Such inclinations *laws* to break,  
And, if occasion serve,  
If we can it a secret keep,  
We'll strain our ev'ry nerve.

With vigour we will *vice* pursue,  
While in a nat'ral state;  
And when our *passions* they do fail,  
Some crimes take place as great.



The crimes of childhood men leave off,  
And think them filly toys;  
Syné they fall in with crimes far worse:  
They better had been boys.

There's *drinking*, *whoring*, and so on,  
That by the law's forbidden;  
Some prudently those secrets keep,  
And from the world they're hidden.

At riper years men those despise,  
When *passions* are grown weak;  
They seldom think of those be'ng faults,  
Till *strength* doth *lust* forsake.

Then *av'rice* comes, and it will stay  
Close by it's friends till death;  
Each *vice* that formerly we had  
It us renounced hath.

From what's here said, 'tis plainly seen,  
We have no *strength* nor *art*,  
To keep the *law* we cannot do  
In whole, nor yet in part.

*Perfect obedience* is requir'd ;  
There's some think that's not fair,  
For to demand such things of us,  
While void of *strength* we are.

But that is what we cannot plead ;  
Our Sov'reign LORD us made ;  
And why should mortals challenge him  
Who's infinitely good,

And has a right for to command  
His creatures to obey  
His laws? Though we are weak in hand  
None can against him say.

## NATURAL OBSERVATIONS

ON OUR

FIRST PARENTS EATING

THE

FORBIDDEN FRUIT.

**T**HE *Tree of Knowing Good and Ill*  
Was so impregnated  
With poisons vile, which did infect  
Th' *offspring* that succeeded.

It so intoxicating was,  
With qualities so strong,  
Our spirits and our humours all  
Are bias'd ev'ry one.

M 2

From *Adam's* person and from *Eve*  
 Our human body sprang :  
*Infection* still transfus'd itself  
 Through all the pow'rs of man.

With *fermentation* still it flows  
 Through all the human race ;  
 And since we are of *Adam's* seed  
*Infection* ne'er shall cease.

Yet there's some Clergymen wha tell  
 That *Adam's sin* not in us dwells ;  
 An' that it only hurt themfells

Wha did the *action* :  
 For since we were not present there,  
 We brak nae *passion*.

If we are guilty of *Adam's sin*,  
 Let's see then where it did begin :  
 If *Adam* 's said to be the *spring*  
 Where it doth rise,  
 Our *souls* and *bodies* must come of him  
 Without disguise.



What did from Adam really spring,  
Was but a *generable thing* ;  
While it was so, it could na sin,  
                    It was but *matter*,  
An' under nae law it could be,  
                    So nae *transgressor*.

They say the *Scripture* tells us plain,  
That God made all the souls of men ;  
An' when they were frae his han' ta'en  
                    Were perfect pure :  
The *question* still is unresolv'd  
                    How *sin* came here.

*Adam* did only use the *means*,  
Which other men do wha get *bairns* ;  
That *offspring* punish'd be for *crimes* .  
                    Their *parents* did,  
Is such a cruelty, that none  
                    Can it exceed.

Some say, 'tis *hetrodox* and *rude* ;  
No fault's in him wha is the *head* ;  
Though he should kill all mortals dead,  
                    Eternally,

We must confess the law is good,  
We're judged by.

That *Adam* was a fed'ral head,  
They say is evident indeed;  
He for himself an' all his seed  
Did covenant,  
An' did them ev'ry one 'present  
In this event.

Known unto God was the whole matter,  
How *Adam* soon his *stock* would scatter:  
His Wife and him, when join'd together,  
Made no delay;  
Ambition push'd them on too far;  
They were but *clay*.

A promise made the wound did heal;  
He *bankrupt* was, yet he found *bale*  
A *Cautioner*, who did not fail,  
One without doubt,  
Wha satisf'd the law's demands,  
Let *Adam* out.

THE RIGHT HONORABLE

THE EARL OF DUNDONALD'S

WELCOME TO AYR-SHIRE,

July, 1787.

**I**NSPIRE my Muse, ye *tuneful Nine*!  
With strains immortal and divine;  
And teach a humble *Bard* to sing,  
Till rocks and hills with echoes ring;  
And publish wide, to ev'ry clime,  
DUNDONALD's far resounded fame!

Hail! great DUNDONALD! *wise and sage*!  
Bright *Ornament* of ev'ry age!  
Thy *virtues* great and godlike *skill*,  
With grateful joy each heart do fill!

Thy *Fame* resounds from pole to pole,  
And fills with wonder ev'ry soul!  
Each proud Philosopher doth see,  
And owns himself excell'd by thee:  
They waste their time in dry disputes  
Whilst thou by practice shew'st it's fruits.

Mankind, astonish'd, now behold  
Nature's *deep secrets* all unfold.  
What had for many cent'ries been  
A secret hid from mortal men,  
With *Art Divine*, thou hast found out,  
And unto full perfection brought.  
From *Coal*, which men thought only good  
To keep them warm and dress their food,  
Thou dost extract so many kinds  
Of things that do surprise our minds.  
Men now no more need fetch from far,  
That useful article of *Tar*.  
*Great Britain's Thunder* now may roar,  
In dreadful claps, from shore to shore!  
With joy we see her *Men of War*  
Secured by thy matchless *Tar*,



That worms in vain their force employ,  
Their warlike bottoms to destroy.  
With it bedaub'd, they longer last  
Than they were sheath'd with *metal cast*.  
The fur'ous waves may dash in vain;  
Their well pitch'd sides do firm remain;  
Corroding Time's destructive force,  
In ages scarce can make them worse.

Ill Fortune, with redoubled blow,  
Had long laid AYR-SHIRE very low!  
Her *Manufactures*, and her *Trade*,  
Seem'd ruin'd quite, without remead;  
One *blink of hope* did scarce remain,  
That e'er she flourish would again.  
That *woful Bank*, that *plague of plagues*,  
Had fairly kick'd her off her legs;  
It's *baneful infl'ence* did extend  
Through ev'ry corner of the land:  
Her sun, that shone erewhile so gay,  
Could scarce shoot forth one feeble ray!  
As *Phæbus*, with his glorious light,  
Dispels the gloomy shades of night,

The world that late in darkness lay,  
Transported, hails the chearful day;  
So AYR-SHIRE lifts her drooping head,  
Erewhile in gloomy darkness laid,  
And casting round her wond'ring eyes,  
Beholds DUNDONALD great arise;  
And stretching forth his gen'rous hand,  
To save from death a ruin'd land!

But chief MUIRKIRK, a poor, starv'd  
place,  
With *hunger* painted in it's face,  
With joy may blefs the happy day,  
That e'er your LORDSHIP came this way.  
Her sons, before that you came here,  
Could scarce afford to drink small beer,  
And oft were fain to hold with water,  
Make now the *mutchkin stoup* to clatter:  
They all before had scarce two groats,  
When now their pocket's lin'd with *notes*.

## L I N E S

*Put upon a Post leading to the Tar-Work at*

*Muirkirk, 1786.*

**H**ALT, Passengers, come here and see  
What *Fortune* has bestow'd on me:

A *Field* run o'er with *moss* and *glaur*,

Yet in it's bow'ls is *Coal-Pit Tar*;

Not only *Tar*, but *Paint* and *Oil*,

And *Salts* to make one spout a *mile*;

*Magnesia*, and G-d knows what,

Are all extract from my *Coal-Pit*.

*A Noble Lord*, of *Ayr-shire* blood,

Owens all my *minerals* are good;

Both *Coal* and *Lime*, and *Ir'n* and *Clay*,  
More rich than on the banks of *Spey*.  
May that great *Lord* for ever shine,  
First *Chymist* of the Scottish line!

Sure Nature nothing made in vain,  
Though man must toil with *grief* and *pain*.  
That worthy *Lord*, with *Art Divine*,  
Doth honour to all Ayr-shire men;  
Which shows that Nature still intends,  
Ev'n though 'tis late, to make amends;  
And cause *MUIRKIRK* surmount the globe,  
Before that she give her last throb!



## HONEST JOHN'S OPINION

O F

## P A T R O N A G E.

GOOD morrow neighbour; what's your  
news?

Tell what you ken, pray, don't refuse.

Says he, The folk's all in a rage,

And blame the Church for *Patronage*.

Sir, my opinion is the same

With those men who the Church do blame;

*Curst Patronage* usurps a pow'r,

And makes our Church a *common wh—r*.

The most of Christians own 'tis bad,

And if rid of it would be glad,

Except such men who have a *Son*,  
Who's forced in by *tuck of Drum*.  
The *Patron* also may it praise,  
While conscience nought against him says;  
His *worldly wealth* he may increase,  
By forcing into Church—an *Ass*,

Such impositions must offend  
Those who're relig'ously inclin'd:  
It makes *diffensions* through the land,  
And puts the weak mind to a stand.  
The bond of all Society,  
By *Patronage* is forc'd to fly;  
I mean, true friendship cannot stay,  
Where men are void of charity.  
The wisest Patron can't find proof  
In all the *Scriptures*, which are *truth*;  
Nor do we find, in ancient days,  
That e'er the Church was treat those ways.

When first the Christian faith took place,  
There were well nigh three hundred years,  
That Christians their own *Pastors* choos'd,  
Took who were fit, the rest refus'd.

The Christians then, they lib'ral were;  
Of what they had, they gave a share;  
Their *Ministers* with bread they fed;  
They grateful were, and thanks repaid.

But when *Constantine* did embrace  
The *Christian faith*, he turn'd the chace;  
He made a *law* that he thought good,  
And did confirm their *livelibood*.  
A legal right he did them give,  
That they their *Stipend* hard might crave;  
'Tis now confirm'd a *settled Fee*,  
What first was but *gratuity*.  
That *Emp'ror* great, he quickly found,  
The Christian Clergy could command  
The minds of men, and make them sway,  
And still the government obey.  
The Clergy then were so acute,  
In forming minds without dispute,  
Who did the government obey;  
By this the Clergy bore the sway.  
The *Princes* who were great in power  
Did still the Clergymen adore,

And frank and freely they did give  
Whate'er these Clergymen did crave.

The Clergy they obtain'd their end,  
Were well secur'd of *Glebe* and *Teind*;  
Yet their demands still rose more high,  
That scarce a prince could them supply.  
Great favours, formerly receiv'd,  
Incitements were for new ones crav'd;  
At last, they falsely did pretend,  
They from the *Levites* did descend:  
And, for the tenth they make a claim  
Of all produc'd in ev'ry clime;  
Ev'n *beasts* and *grain*, *sugar* and *tea*,  
All to support their *luxury*.  
But still 'tis plain, and will appear,  
That Christian Clergy can't compare  
With *Levites* and with *Jewish Priests*,  
Who offer'd sacrifice of *beasts*.  
The *Levites* lent an active hand,  
In conquering *Canaan's Land*;  
Though of the land they had no share,  
They were maintain'd, and free of care.



The Clergy do nought, now-a-days,  
But point the *road* the Christian gaes ;  
Of *toil* and *labour* they are freed,  
Which both the *Priests* and *Levites* did.  
*Constantine's time*, the Clergy had  
The people's hearts, both good and bad,  
And soon could have rebellion rais'd  
Against his *Highbness* when they pleas'd :  
Which made those great men never stand  
To grant the Clergy their demand :  
A *law* was past by Clergy's friends,  
And *tax* impos'd that's called *Teinds*.  
By which the rev'nue of the Church  
Was then increas'd very much ;  
And now this office bears the van ;  
Fye, let my son be Clergyman.

Now by this time the *Pope of Rome*,  
Who's by the Romans call'd, *supreme*,  
None could dispute his right, as such,  
To fill up ev'ry vacant Church :  
But why should we so much complain,  
Of *Anticrist* and *Pope of Rome*,

Q

Since arbitrary pow'r is us'd,  
In settling Priests, though still refus'd ?  
To *Presbyt'ry* we need not claim ;  
To us 'tis but a borrow'd name :  
No court is held to crave a *Vote*,  
If you'll have such a Priest or not.  
The *Patron*, who has got a friend,  
Who serv'd him for some noble end,  
His Son repays with *Kirk* and *Glebe*,  
Ev'n though he's one of *Haman's tribe*.  
Sure *grace* and *goodness* ne'er can dwell,  
Where *uproars* and *convulsions* swell ;  
Nor can they find a joy that's sweet,  
Where *truth* and *friendship* do not meet.

## T H E

## H E R D   A N D   D O G . \*

**L**ANGSYNE the poor, wee *Herd*s might  
mourn,

When there were neither ditch nor thorn,  
To wear the *brutes* frae 'mang the corn

In cauld, wat weather :

Poor things ! their claes were reft an' torn !

Cauld made them shiver !

In June an' July, *wasps* an' *clegs*  
Made a' the brutes fling wi' their legs,  
O 2

\* It is related of the Dale Farmers, in ancient times, that, as soon as Harvest was over, they put away the Herd and hanged the Dog.

An' startle into *burns* an' *craigs*  
To koole their skin;  
The poor, wee herd, wi' hacket legs,  
Comes far behin'!

When harvest chanced to be late,  
The wee, poor Herd, baith *young* an' *blate*,  
Must stan' arout, baith soon an' late,  
Wi' kie an' naigs:  
When a's got in, syne he must flit,  
Though a' in rags!

When *bemp* was pow'd, an' *stacks* were  
crown'd,  
The Farmer then did sleep fu' sound:  
His *cares* an' *sorrows* a' were drown'd  
I' the *kirn* night;  
Fine swats, in *bickers*, then went round  
Till fair day light.

Then *Herd* an' *bairst Folk* a' did flit:  
Their heads were fair an' like to split:



Each, like a *fouter*, bang'd his kit  
Upo' his back,  
Syne, through the *burn*, an' owre the *bent*,  
Each tell'd his crack.

Poor *Colly* yewll'd, an' stood aside  
The *Herd*, when he threw by his plaid,  
An' said, "O Jock, wilt thou but bide  
" This Winter here?  
" I'm fear'd *hard fate* may me betide  
" Before nieft year!"

Jock said, "Poor dog," an' pats his head,  
An' says, "for thee my heart does bleed:  
" Thou kept me eafy; when weel fed,  
" Baith *horfe* an' *kye*  
" Stood awe o' thee, an' from thee fled,  
" When I did cry."

Poor *Colly* bowes, wi' *dool* an' *care*,  
An' says, "O Jock, I hunted fair;  
" I baith the *beels* an' *tails* did tear;  
" I had few marrows;

" But now, alas! I quake for fear

" O' shot or gallows!

" When I am idle an' weel fed,

" 'Tis likely I may stroll abroad,

" An' do what my fore-fathers did,

" Seek after sport;

" On my return, some cry, I'm *mad*,

" They'll hae me shot,

" Should I be hampert o' my meat,

" Lick cog, wi' deil-be-licket in't;

" My tail droops then amang my feet,

" I scent an' smell,

" An' search the moors to fin' dead sheep,

" My wame to fill.

" Then when the shepherds do me spy,

" They fast will raise the *bue* an' cry,

" An' say," " Let's run, we'll him o'er-hie,

" Ere he win hame;

" Where we him fin', we'll make him die,

" None dare us blame."

Jock says, "Poor dog! I see thy fate  
" Is hard; shouldst thou be lean or fat,  
" By en'mies thou art aye beset,  
" Baith *late* an' *soon*;  
" Come, go wi' me, to yon wee spat,  
" Till Winter's doon.

" Then, i' the Spring, we baith will rise,  
" When *gouk* does kook, an' *swallow* flies; |  
" Then we'll appear without disguise,  
" In some guid day,  
" An' gang to hills that's near the skies,  
" There get *flot-whey*."

## T H O U G H T S

O N T H E

## UNCERTAINTY OF HUMAN LIFE.

**E**XPER'ENCE ev'ry day may learn  
How fleeting each thing is below;  
Sure *bright example* shines in vain,  
Bids Heav'n suspend the destin'd blow!

Till half extinguish'd and brought low,  
Then *death* awakes from *folly's dream*;  
We learn our *wisdom* by our *woe*,  
And hang on *mercy's ling'ring beam*!

All you whose breast with *virtue* glows  
Attend my strain, while me you hear!  
You shar'd some *bliss*, why, share some *woes*,  
Let *worth* and *valour* claim a tear!



What vengeance waits the imp'ous heart,  
When *Worth's* prest on the *early bier*?  
The *heaving breast* is doom'd to smart,  
While *stubborn folly* brings on fear!

Man's form'd with *soul-ennobling art*,  
Whose breast enjoys unfull'ed peace,  
Whose open hand, and gen'rous heart,  
Relieves his friend when in distress!

Man passes through the giddy throng;  
*Ambition* throws the bait for gain:  
On eagle's wings he's borne along,  
Outflies the storm by *Fancy's* strain!

On *Virtue's* eminence, that's high,  
Beyond the sun and starry sky,  
On nobler objects fix *Faith's* eye;  
'Tis there where joys *immortal* lie!

No god-like wish e'er soar'd in vain;  
Bright *Virtue* fills the bount'ous mind!  
Heav'n's bliss is an *immortal* gain,  
That ornaments the human kind!

What *raptures* in the bosom roll,  
 When blest with *joy* and *liberty*?  
 It elevates and fires the *soul*,  
 To think it's triumph is on high!

'Tis only *Fate's* all *pow'rful* hand,  
 That has a pow'r our ways to charm,  
 The *King of Terrors* to command,  
 And of his pow'r him to disarm!



T O

THE MEMORY OF \_\_\_\_\_

WHO DIED IN HIS YOUTH.

LAMENTED Youth, and only Son!  
 He's join'd the *silent* dead!  
 He's gone to shun the life that's vain!  
 No woes he now can dread!

Had *Fate* but spar'd that *blooming Youth*,  
His valour for to show,  
*Ancestor-like*, his mighty strength  
Might struck dread on his foe!

Since he receiv'd the *fatal blow*,  
Torn from *parental care*,  
Great consolation hence may flow;  
He greater joys may share!

In life there's nought but *pain* and *wo*,  
And *dread* of what may come;  
But now from *care* and *strife* he's free;  
His refuge is yon tomb!

His *lovely form*, and *glossy eye*,  
Now fade in yon cold grave!  
He's veil'd in darkness, there to lie,  
Till he ascend above!

His Parents cannot speak the *wo*  
They in their bosoms feel!  
To see their *only son* laid low,  
Whom they did love so well!

Each *virtue* that commands applause,  
He fully did possess;  
Each *charm* that admiration draws,  
He had, all must confess!

That *Spoiler* came, with *fatal haste*,  
And laid his beauties low!  
Likewise laid all his glories waste,  
With one tremendous blow!

Thus fall the flow'rs, when they're full blown,  
Upon the vernal fields!  
Each has it's morning and it's noon,  
And each to Nature yields!

The *frost* doth nip the sweetest flow'rs  
That e'er on fields yet grew;  
Their leaves decay, they disappear,  
No more refresh'd by dew!



## E P I T A P H.

HERE lies the Youth, to rest consign'd,  
Whose breast with *virtue* glow'd;  
Who did possess a *god-like mind*;  
Whose heart with *bounty* flow'd!

His manners good, his soul refin'd,  
Sweet passions him inspir'd;  
He lov'd his God, his King, and Friend,  
By all men still admir'd!

From his dear Friends he's now remov'd,  
Enjoys what keen he sought;  
Honor'd by all, by all belov'd—  
May *Youths* by him be taught!

ON THE

DISTRESSED CONDITION

OF

H O N E S T F A R M E R S.

**I**F man's posselt of *common sense*,  
He may well see, at the first glance,  
Mankind a *common system* is,  
And should support  
Each other, in their stations here,  
And them comfort,

The Governor of all the earth  
Has made each being that draws breath,

And ev'ry priv'lege that man hath  
'S receiv'd from God;  
Then why should stupid mortals boast  
In this abode?

Were men for ever to reside  
Upon this earth, and here abide,  
I could forgive them, though they chide  
And grasp at *wealth*;  
Yea, even though they should go the length  
Of *trick* and *stealth*.

But from the laws of GOD and Nature,  
We see what's for us muckle better:  
Ne'er *trick*, nor *steal*, nor be *resetter*;  
For *ill-won gear*  
Will never give the conscience ease,  
I really fear.

For certainly, when death draws near,  
Man's conscience in him it must stir,  
And make him *start*, even *faint for fear*,  
While judgement waits him,

He should forsake, and *mercy* crave,  
Before death takes him.

And though that *Fortune* has bestow'd  
On some great honour, wealth and gold;  
If it be *truth* that man is told,

His charge is greater;  
And he's only a *steward*, call'd  
The poor to better.

And if a *great Man* does what's right,  
The poor when they come in his sight,  
His wealth will then give him delight,  
Haste to relieve them;  
Which shews the talents are not hid,  
That GOD did give him.

If men of wealth were ne'er so keen,  
They're but a *wheel* in the *machine*;  
Inferiors may as well be seen,  
And as much valu'd:  
If they do act their functions well,  
No more's required.



And if man would impartial be,  
He may see't well, with half an eye,  
The man who is of *high degree*  
Is much ador'd;  
Yet still the *pleb'an* is of use  
Him to uphold:

By working, drudging, and what not,  
Although his *wage* be but a *groat*,  
And though he can't live like a *fat*,  
As some men do,  
His daily bread's all his concern,  
And plenty too,

Give up to *Landlords* all their land,  
Matters would soon be at a stand;  
For work they could not with their hand,  
I am no fraiser;  
Their natures, sure, need to be chang'd  
Like Nebu'dnezzar.

And were their *natures* all so chang'd,  
They must, like sport dogs, all be mang'd,

Q

When from their former soil estrang'd,  
That was sweet pasture,  
And now turn'd out to *beath'ry moors*,  
With great difaster!

For he who hath the wildest land,  
When he gets his rent in his hand,  
Can up with his companions stand,  
And drink and toast,  
And *Fate or Fortune* still defy,  
That rule the roast.

But would the *Lairds* submissive be,  
And *Landlords* of whate'er degree,  
And think one moment, then they'll see  
I'm not mistaken,  
'Tis *Lands o'er dear* and *Factors keen*  
Make such a *breaking*.

## O N M I S S —

A N

## A M I A B L E Y O U N G L A D Y.

G O O D — — — is my toast,  
The *prettiest Girl* in all the West:  
I with her *charms* am fully blest;  
Oh! what I feel!  
Of *Ayr-shire Ladies* she's the best  
And most genteel!

Her *eyes* they pierce each heart with love,  
More beautiful than those of Dove;

Q<sub>2</sub>

Her ev'ry word my soul does move;  
My heart doth pant:  
She's formed ev'ry joy to prove;  
She'll *Lords enchant*.

Her *airs* are all both grave and sweet;  
In her *perfections* all do meet:  
She on her *limbs* does walk so neat,  
And dance so just;  
Faith! she may please a *German Count*  
Of nicest taste.

Her *voice*, so sweet, doth charm the ear  
Of ev'ry one who does it hear;  
'Tis so melodious and clear,  
Nought can't excell;  
Thrice happy shall the man be, sure,  
Who get her shall!

Yet though her *outward shew* be good,  
Her *inward parts* do far exceed;  
She, *mother-like*, the poor does feed,  
And all in want;



She's aye well pleas'd, and in good mood,  
And aye content.

She's both *good-natur'd* and *humane*;  
She dresses decently, though plain;  
Though fer'ous, she does not disdain,  
In chearful mood,  
To *crack a joke*, or *sing a song*;  
She's not a *prude*.

Whoe'er her fees must still admire  
Her *Maker*, who did her inspire;  
Her virtues ne'er can raise her higher  
Than the *first Cause*:  
Heav'n make her good, and wise, and pure,  
To keep thy laws!

O N

## M E L A N C H O L Y,

I'M here confin'd in this *small place*,  
No more abroad to rove!

My *breast* is ruffled by *hard Fate*!  
I'm chain'd and cannot move!

Here no more glide the purling streams,  
Which murmur'd o'er yon stones!  
No more *sereneness* here resides;  
I'm under *clouds* and *storms*!

No more those spacious buildings high,  
Which tow'r up near the skies,  
Can me amuse! I'm now so low,  
Sleep seldom shuts mine eyes!

My high ambition now is fled;  
My wealth has lost it's pow'r:  
All pleasure's gone, and droops it's head,  
And never shall rise more!

Beneath the *gloomy shades of night*,  
I melancholy sit,  
With *heaving breast*, and *ready sigh*,  
My spirits dull and flat!

Far hence my laugh and smiles are gone,  
And mirth that did intrude;  
Far hence the *cares of life* are fled,  
And ev'ry thing that's rude!

*Vain glory* and *destructive strife*,  
That rais'd my mind too high;  
Now all those *phantoms* they are fled,  
And can no longer stay!

'Tis *deep reflection* now presides  
O'er *Wisdom's* certain gain,  
With *Patience*, that's *Contentment's* bride,  
They'll mitigate my pain!

*Warm charity for other's faults,*  
    *With heart and mind benign,*  
*With sacred pity, heav'nly gift!*  
    *Compose my pensive mind!*

O teach my heart, with thoughts sublime,  
    To follow *Wisdom's ways*;  
And fly from *vice*, and seek some shade,  
    To chant o'er *Virtue's praise*!

O teach me *riches* ne'er to prize  
    Above their native worth!  
May *guilty pleasures* all fly hence,  
    As far as South's from North!

Let me, untouch'd with brutish rage,  
    Unruffled pass my days:  
And may I view this *spacious Stage*,  
    Unworthy of my praise!



O N

## S O L I T U D E.

**H**OW great a comfort must it be,  
To have a qui't retreat?  
One's absence from a hurried life,  
They never should regret.

*Diversions* now I really hate,  
In which I took delight;  
My inclination's quite averse;  
I think on such with spite.

Some my conduct misrepresent,  
And say, I'm much to blame:  
"Retreat!" say they, "'tis not like you!  
"It ne'er can raise your fame!"

R

The *spiteful world* I despise;  
Their censures can't me hurt:  
I think that *solitude's* a scene,  
Where one may be instruct.

And why should any one me blame?  
Will they find fault with me,  
To take the nearest way I can,  
That I may happy be?

Do men think one should be ashamed  
Of what he hath made choice?  
So far from that, if they think right,  
My state they won't despise.

A *peaceful* and *unruffled mind*,  
In *solitude* I'll nurse,  
Like ocean unmov'd by wind,  
Nor blown by tempests fierce.

*Ambitious swellings* shall subside,  
That *storm* shall roar no more;  
All passion's hush'd, and still unheard,  
That did prevail before.

O *solitude*! I must thee praise!  
Without thee I'm still tofs'd!  
To ev'ry wind and fur'ous storm,  
I always am expos'd.

My course lies 'mongst *quick sands* and *rocks*;  
*Perils* surround me still:  
By *jeopardies* I'm threat'ned much,  
And *fierce destruction's* swell.

*Intemp'rance* so destructive is,  
It's streams they run so mad;  
It's pois'nous stuff I've swallow'd down  
With haste, yet not afraid.

I with my *passion* was so tofs'd,  
Like ships in tempests great;  
By them I hurri'd on so fast,  
And ne'er did meditate.

Could I in honour have it spoke  
That *virtue* I pursu'd,  
And, like to the *unbending oak*,  
It's roots had well secur'd!

Could I look forward in this life,  
And say, *vice* has no pow'r  
To tempt; it's darts I all defy;  
They ne'er shall me allure!

Had I, upon the *stage of life*,  
Preserv'd a virt'ous mind;  
Or had I *Wisdom* chosen first,  
To walk in *paths divine*!

But Oh! alas! my *soul* may blush,  
When to remembrance brought,  
The scenes I have delighted in—  
*Remorse* me now has caught!

For *safety* then, as a strong tow'r,  
I'll fly to *solitude*;  
In it's *employs*, that pious are,  
I'll there find joy that's good.



## THE JOYS OF HOME

A F T E R

## D I S A P P O I N T M E N T S.

THE faint red sky now rises fast;  
The *Cock* he claps his wings,  
And crows before the sun appears;  
The *Lark* she sweetly sings.

See how that crimson-red spreads wide,  
O'er all the *milky skies*;  
The distant hills, when clouds are fled,  
Do share sun's early rays;

They catch the Morning's sweet'ning ray,  
That's glorious for it's light;  
That spreads abroad his sunny beams,  
O'er plains of verdure bright!

O'er *waving banks* and *purling streams*  
And o'er each thing below,  
'Tis *sun* that gives a *vital pow'r*,  
To trees and herbs that grow.

Come, *Contemplation*, with me join!  
I'll through yon forest roam!  
True nature I will there find out,  
In ev'ry vale and plain!

They'll *precepts* in my heart instill,  
For which I'll banish *pain*  
Far hence, along with *guilty joy*,  
That me with venom sting!

Then pray, with-hold your *squints* and *smiles*;  
N' allurements to me bring;  
Likewise with-hold all *mad'ning drink*,  
That may my brains inflame!

Some pleasant joy I'll now impart,  
That animates the heart!  
I'm now secluded from that *crowd*,  
Which long has caus'd me *smart*!

Though rob'd of all my *worldly wealth*,  
And all my former *fame*,  
And my dear friends me no more know,  
I ne'er shall *Fortune* blame;

Nor curse the *Pow'rs*, who thus dispose  
Of all things to their mind;  
Ev'n all my *suff'rings* and my *woes*,  
They're from a *Pow'r* divine!

Here in this humble, peaceful place,  
My *grateful wish* I'll send  
To Heav'n, where *peace* and *mercy* stays,  
The world without an end!

May *Virtue* guide me to my *grave*,  
That place where sorrows cease,  
Then farewell fields adorn'd with flow'rs,  
And woods with tow'ring trees!

All *Nature's scenes* are beautiful;  
In them *true bliss* I find—  
No longer I my *Fate* bewail;  
I'm chearful in my mind,

Untainted with *ambitious care*,

My *little, scanty meal*

Is all the joys I here do share,

In this place where I dwell.

Kind Nature all my *wants* supplies;

From *strife* I'm here retir'd;

No thund'ring scold gives me surprize;

My breast with wrath's ne'er fir'd.

'Tis *cheerfulness* and *social rest*,

Endear my happy home,

And each returning Morn and Ev'n

Bring fresh supplies along.

Great thanks to Him, whose *lib'ral hand*

The fields with food hath spread,

By whose *omnipotent command*,

The poor are cloth'd and fed.

Not unescap'd one blessing flies,

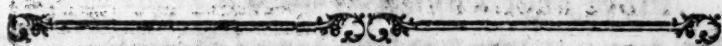
That's link'd in Nature's chain;

That comes to us from yonder Heav'n,

Nor unremark'd our pain,



Thus ev'ry *care*, for which we mourn,  
Is balanc'd with it's *pleasure*;  
And ev'ry *ill*, to which we're born,  
If rightly view'd's a *treasure*.



O N

## E M U L A T I O N.

**F**EW men upon this earth there are,  
Who have not a desire  
To have themselves distinguished,  
And known both *far* and *near*.  
S

The poor *Mechanic*, ev'n the men  
By charity supported,  
Strive their admirers to acquire,  
And are therewith comforted.

All the pre-em'nence that one man  
Above another has,  
Must spring from diff'rent qualities,  
Which that man doth possess:

These qualities may be reduc'd,  
And to these three confin'd;  
Namely, to *fortune*, *body*, and  
The *qual'ties of the mind*;

The first of these three must consist  
In *riches* or in *blood*,  
Which are not properly our own,  
But upon us bestow'd,

The next is *beauty*, *health*, or *strength*,  
Which nearer are of kin;  
And, like the former, only are  
By Nature to us giv'n.

The third is what regards the *mind*,  
And has it's proper rise,  
From *knowledge* and a *virt'ous life*,  
Which we should not despise:

This more essential is to man,  
And more united close,  
Than any of the other two;  
Because it still endures,

The man who has a fortune got,  
And riches in great store,  
Ought not, for that, to be preferr'd,  
To virt'ous men, though poor:

Yet still we see the *men of wealth*  
A shining figure make;  
They're by most of the world caress'd,  
Though *virtue* they forsake;

Yet *virtue* surely is the source,  
Whence *honour* should arise:  
Men only should be honour'd while  
They *virtue* do practise.

There's often intimation made,  
When *Great Men* titles get,  
That they do qualities possess,  
And that they're men of merit.

*His Majesty* is only giv'n  
To Kings upon the throne;  
*His Holiness* it is ascrib'd  
Unto the *Pope* alone.

A *death-bed* makes all men alike,  
And shews the emptiness  
Of titles, pomp, and ev'ry thing  
That is not virtuous:

In *dread suspense* about the *state*  
He soon must enter on,  
And terrifi'd, he stands aghast  
To think his time's, ne'er done!

What 'vails it then that he has been,  
Or rich, or great in power?  
His riches or his greatness can't  
Protect him from that hour!



What though he has a *Conqu'ror* been,  
And kingdoms great subdu'd,  
Against the *King of Terrors*, he  
Dares not to lift his sword.

And though he had old Samson's strength,  
His life it could not save  
From that *devouring monster*, *Death*,  
Or from the *gloomy Grave*!

'Tis *Virtue* then, and it alone,  
Can only stand the test;  
And who has walk'd in *Virtue's path*,  
In peace may take his rest.

The *Scriptures* say, we're *strangers* here,  
And *pilgrims* on this earth;  
Through it we must our journey take,  
Till we resign our breath:

The world is said to be an Inn,  
Where man is furnish'd still,  
With what is fit to 'ccommodate  
Him for his Master's will.

It surely is absurd to say,  
That I'll take up my rest  
Before my journey's at an end,  
Though I'm of wealth possess.

In this world it is so ordain'd,  
That each must have his lot;  
And ev'ry man should be dispos'd  
To be content with it.

Whatever *post* man may be in,  
It is his duty still,  
To act his part most properly,  
And study to excell.

'Tis true, indeed, some men will say,  
Their *post* does not them suit,  
And that another they could act  
Much better without doubt.

The fault's not ours, that we are not  
Plac'd in a diff'rent line;  
'Tis *Providence* who does dispose  
Of all things to his mind.

O N A

HAUGHTY PROUD PERSON

O F A

MALEVOLENT DISPOSITION.

**Y**OU *injur'd few*, who have just cause to  
mourn,

I you condole, who from true love are torn!  
This *sketch*, I hope, no man it will offend,  
Ev'n though the person's name were fairly  
kenn'd.

Here what I know, I modestly may tell;  
He never tries mens doubts for to expell:  
He seldom fails to join a *party scheme*,  
And raise disputes to hurt his neighbour's  
fame.

*Pride* and *ambition* his whole views confine;  
The *road to peace* he neither cares nor minds;  
His anxious care is honour to secure,  
Regards no man, could he excel in pow'r.  
There's few who in his friendship may confide;

The *poor*, by him, are neither fed nor clad.  
By him no *genius* e'er was brought to light;  
For him they'll be unknown till endless night.  
High stormy passions harbour in his breast:  
He takes delight his neighbours to molest;  
Each altercation irritates his mind,  
Destroys his feelings, makes his judgement blind.

He seldom meets with *harmony* and *peace*;  
He can't enjoy his friend with love and ease;  
There's scarce an object his affection warms;  
His virtue, weak, has lost it's sacred charms.  
He joins in prejudice, and gives a sneer;  
Yet scarcely gains a friend by *love* or *fear*;  
Each doubt perplexes his ill 'stablish'd mind;  
If he have *grace* 'tis of the weakest kind;



## T H E

## R E A L G E N T L E M A N .

**H**E'S first a *servant* of his God,  
Who rules all things in this *abode*;  
True *virtue* is his recreation;  
Contentment's still his occupation.  
He God, his father, doth regard;  
True *happiness* is his reward:  
The *Church* he owns her as his mother;  
Each faint he values as his brother.  
Whoe'er's in need, he is his friend,  
Nor acts from any selfish end:  
He's loyal still, and justice does  
To all around him, *friends* or *foes*,  
T

*Dévotion* still his chaplain is,  
And *Chastity* close with him stays;  
*Sobriety* his cellars keeps,  
And *Temperance* his victuals cooks.  
His servants ev'ry one are sober;  
They keep his house in perfect order:  
Of ev'ry virtue they're made up;  
They hate and shun the name of *fop*.

He through the world doth take his walk  
To Heav'n, though he make little talk;  
And all his bus'ness by the road  
Is to obey the will of God.  
His chiefest pleasure always lies  
In distributing happiness;  
On all around him, ev'ry where,  
This is his chief concern and care.  
The *truth* he loves and does practise't,  
And *falsehood* base does still detest;  
And to conclude, with pen in hand,  
He's both a *Christian* and a *man*.

## T H E

## H A P P Y M A N.

**B** L E S T is that man, whoe'er he be,  
Who *virtue* doth embrace;  
Who keeps his heart from *pride* so free,  
That he can live in peace!

Likewise the man whose anxious mind  
Is past in a few hours;  
Who to the *will of Fate's* resign'd;  
Whose *joys* dry up his *tears*!

Also the man that's patient,  
'Tis he alone can boast,  
No troubles can his mind torment;  
He frets not, nor is cross!

Likewise the man who still appears  
To love his God in *truth*,  
Who crushes all his vain desires,  
Nor guile flies from his mouth!

Blest is the man, whose feeling heart  
Does share his neighbour's wo,  
Who kindly strives for to relieve  
The sufferings of his foe!

He, who's reliev'd from his distress,  
Implores th' ALMIGHTY's aid,  
And prays, that *mercies* shown by such  
May not be unrepaid.

He who has a pure, candid heart,  
Whom God in light doth guide,  
In it he harbours no deceit  
To lead his friend aside.

He's happy, who delights in *peace*,  
And *discord* cannot bear,  
Who labours to cause *malice* cease;  
That man we should revere!



And he whose *virtue* is so great,  
In these corrupted times,  
That he resists the torrent great  
Of *all-prevailing crimes* :

His *lustre* shall out-shine great kings,  
Who sit upon the throne ;  
For God himself will such regard,  
And own him as his son.

Firm is his hope, he keeps his point  
Amidst *oppressive wrongs* ;  
He fears no scoffs of wicked men,  
Nor minds their *spiteful tongues*.

'Tis such a one whom heav'n will claim,  
And take him as it's own,  
To where *unfading glory* reigns,  
And doth all *virtues* crown !

## T H E

## WELL-MEANING JOBER'S

## L A M E N T A T I O N.

I In the vain *parade* of *state*  
Liv'd an unpeaceful life,  
And made some bustle to be great,  
Amidst the *din* of *strife*.

I meant to try if I could find  
An *independent state*,  
And with my friends not fall behind,  
Though they were twice as great.

*Freedom* with *prudence* I did mean;  
Yet whiles stept o'er the *line*,  
Which Heav'n mark'd out to be my guide;  
For which I now repine.

From *pinching wants* I still kept free,  
Made *gratitude* and *love*  
Go hand in hand, through most my life,  
Though now I poorly live.

S Yet though on *small fare* I must live,  
I have much less to fear,  
Than those who have great fortunes got,  
Ev'n thousand pounds a year.

We see those men who wealthy are,  
They at *gold's* altar bow;  
That *fickle goddess* bears the sway,  
And cheats me of my due.

I now my wishes higher raise,  
Give me a friend that's true,  
With whom I freely may converse,  
And one who keeps his vow.

*Exper'ence' school* learns me to read,  
And helps me to remark:  
To judge the *living* by the *dead*,  
And *solid* from the *spark*.

What from my lab'ring mind has slip't  
Are things I'll slightly pass;  
Away all *sorrows* I will wipe,  
And drink a chearful glass.

Some fix their *happiness* and *grace*,  
On *titles*, *pomp*, and *show*,  
And mock at all the human race,  
Whom *Fortune* keeps so low;

Such to *felicity* are blind;  
His *happiness* is fold,  
Who raises monuments of *brass*,  
And heaps up tow'rs of gold.

Beneath this monumental frame,  
Read, *trav'lers*, as you pass,  
Lie *folly*, *infamy* and *shame*,  
Below this gilded *brass*.

I'll tell yon fickle, proud-like, *fair*,  
Likewise the *flatt'ring* youth,  
They'll daily wither, through despair,  
Who wander from the *truth*.



He says her *face* shines like the sun,  
Her *eyes* are set like doves;  
And by such *metaphors* he swears,  
'Tis her alone he loves.

So soon's the *honey-month* is o'er,  
This speech is laid aside:  
Those *sweet expressions* are no more,  
Which past to make her *bride*.

He who a *prudent wife* obtains,  
Who won't contend and strive,  
She'll be a treasure of great gain,  
And make him *dow* and *thrive*;

But now old age says, "Stop your pen,  
" Your feelings sure are gane;  
" You are too old, no doubt infirm,  
" Your thoughts are dead as stone;

" Let not the Ev'ning of your days  
" Be *anguish, pain* and *care*;  
" Your friends who're true will you assist,  
" And keep you from *despair*.

“ Rather let *Death*, with’s *venom’d dart*,  
“ Fix you, and cut your breath;  
“ Then freely quit your rural life,  
“ And try what’s after death.”



O N

## BACKBITING AND FALSEHOOD.

O *H Falsehood!* thou’rt a *ghostly mother*,  
When thou and thy friends sit together:  
Your whole intent is *truth* to smother,  
And scheme *deceit*,  
And vex your neighbours ev’ry day  
Both *air* and *late*.

Your *suspicion* makes a compound,  
And requisite whereon to found  
Your villany, to kill and wound,  
And make a prey  
Of all who are within your reach,  
Both night and day.

Amongst the *vulgar ones* you'll see,  
Some who have great vivacity  
In telling news; and, though they lie,  
They don't think shame,  
If they their neighbour can expose,  
And black his name.

They little think, each *lie* they tell  
Keeps them upon the road to *Hell*;  
And though they *backbite* ne'er so snell,  
Ev'n to the quick,  
It only tells they are true fons  
Of the *Old Nick*.

But what a *coward* must he be,  
Who man attacks, when he can't see,

And wounds his name? Though he don't die,  
'Tis all the same,  
If by the world he be despis'd  
By this bad name.

Under some *dark, unballow'd shade*  
Doth rest this damnable curst weed;  
*News tellers and backbiters feed,*  
Each day they flourish,  
And spread their roots o'er all the earth,  
*New ills to nourish.*

No man should surely use his skill  
To propagate or gain *ill-will*  
Of any neighbour, though he still  
Should him excell  
In any grace or common gift,  
That with men dwell.

If two together chance to meet,  
They of a third will freely speak,  
And tell his faults; syne make an *eck*  
To his disgrace,



And tell some *lies*, for want of *truth*,  
Him to debase.

We see some men, without control,  
Thrust in their heads at ev'ry hole,  
To hear what's said by ev'ry soul  
That he comes near;  
He in his *budget* that puts up,  
Syne off he'll steer:

And in his way himself will bless,  
That he so luckily did miss;  
He stood till he was like to piss,  
He was so eager,  
To hear and know all that was said;  
O *worthless* beggar!

Away he trudges with great speed,  
With a *full packet* in his head;  
His vanity doth him fast lead  
To this sad evil;  
At last *grim Death* shall stop his breath,  
And ears that heard well.

O N

## R I D I C U L E.

**W**ERE the *vexations* of our lives  
All gathered together,  
We would find out the greatest part's  
Reproaching one another.

Few men there are upon the earth,  
But who, in some degree,  
Do still go on in this offence,  
And of it are not free.

Though we our neighbours well do treat,  
And use them as our friends,  
When they are gone, we seldom fail  
To speak of them our minds.

This certainly must take it's rise  
From *ill-will* to mankind,  
Or from a violent desire  
To have ourselves esteem'd.

The *publisber* of *scandal* is  
More odious to mankind,  
Than he who does the crime commit;  
His motives make him blind.

In publishing a *bad report*,  
Man ought for to consider,  
How much *mischief* and *burt* it may  
Occasion to his brother.

And if he do consider well  
The int'rest that's his own,  
His neighbour he will not reproach  
For what himself's to blame.

The person who doth take delight  
To hear the faults of others,  
Doth plainly shew and testify,  
That he doth *scandal* relish;

With eagerness he swallows't up;  
And speaks of them with *spite*;  
Especially if he perceive  
His friends in it delight:

'Tis, certainly, more gen'rous far,  
To reject, with disdain,  
The *ill-rèports* that *slander* may  
Have rais'd against a man;

From *envy* and *malev'lence*, sure;  
Proceed this cursed evil;  
And all who practise it must be  
The children of the devil.

But he who gen'rously does strive  
This practice to avoid,  
Shall be carress'd by all *good men*  
And loved by his GOD.



## THE FOOLISHNESS

O F

## DESIRING APPLAUSE,

UNHAPPINESS must still attend  
The man whose heart is bent

To be admir'd by ev'ry one,  
So far as he is kent,

Applause of men can ne'er give ease,  
Our *conscience* us informs;  
If that we commune with our hearts,  
We'll find *applause* but scorns.

A *man of spirit* will contemn  
The praise of ign'rant men,  
And will receive *applause* for nought,  
That conscience won't maintain,

The person who doth you commend,  
You'll him consider first,  
Before you value his esteem,  
Whether 'tis *false* or *just*.

The praise of him who's ignorant,  
It only shews *good-will*;  
This kindness it should be receiv'd,  
And thanks returned still:

As he's a neighbour who is good,  
Yet cannot judge your action,  
Your *fame* he cannot then defend;  
His praise is just affection.

The loose and ungoverned mind,  
We much affected see  
With approbations of mankind,  
Though they promisc'ous be.

A *man of virtue* always will  
So delicate remain;  
His appetite is not so strong  
As swallow down such *fame*.

If a great man's posselt of *worth*,  
I'll greater be than he,  
I in his greatness will rejoice,  
That far excelleth me:

His thoughts they surely must proceed  
Forth from a gen'rous mind;  
The approbation of such thoughts  
As true praise is esteem'd.

Among the common rate of men,  
There's little they'll commend,  
But such as they may have a share  
To partake in the end.

The motive sure more glorious is,  
When that the mind is set  
More to do *good* and *gen'rous things*,  
Than to receive *respect*.

Where *true sincerity* does found  
The name that's called *good*,  
All virt'ous men, although unknown,  
Will swallow't down as food.

It but a friv'lous pleasure is  
For men to be admir'd  
And spoke of, when occasion serves,  
Just by a gaping crowd.

*Applause of crowds* makes giddy heads,  
Which rather should be sad;  
When men of reason do applaud,  
It makes the heart right glad.

What makes the love of praise so bad,  
Is, that 'tis often giv'n  
To those who do not it deserve;  
Of this I must complain.

It is not what man doth possess,  
But how he does it use,  
Will make him worthy of esteem,  
And to receive the praise.

The vulgar and the man of sense,  
In this they both agree;  
They still admire the man who has  
What they themselves would have.

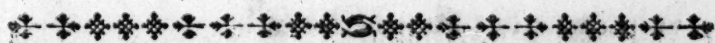


The wise man he does most applaud

The man who's virtuous ;

The rest of mankind they applaud

The man who wealthy is.



## C O N T E N T M E N T,

### THE JOY IT YIELDS.

**L**ET man's estate be what it will,

Let him be *poor* or *rich*,

Contented he should be with it,

And ne'er for shadows itch.

*Content* must be a nat'ral wealth,

To men of each degree ;

And *luxury* is nothing but

Art'ficial poverty.

In midst of our unhappy state,  
We often should consider,  
How much unhappier we might be  
Than what we really are;

And cause our cares for aye to be,  
Endeav'ring to secure,  
That *happiness* which certain is,  
And ever shall endure.

Though our misfortune's very great,  
And more than we can bear,  
Yet still we suffer less than those,  
That our's surmounteth far:

And in this case, we never should  
Our thankfulness neglect;  
And if our leg we chance to break,  
Thank GOD 'tis not our neck,

## V I R T U E,

HOW PLEASANT ON REFLECTION.

**T**HE loveliness of Virtue's great,  
While it is our commander;  
But if it parley, then we'll yield,  
And instantly surrender.

The *virt'ous mind* affords delight,  
It's beauty doth excell;  
Ev'n though it not a duty were,  
It should be praised still :

It softens nature, though 'tis rough,  
And hard, ev'n as a stone;  
Some devout men are pleas'd to say,  
'Tis *true Religion*.

Hypocrisy itself does good ;  
It does Religion honour ;  
It tacitly acknowledges it  
T' ornament our nature.

The *hypocrite* would never care  
In Virtue to appear,  
If that he thought that it would gain  
Repute of mankind here.

The man who's wife will no man hate;  
And nothing say amiss ;  
But yet the man he truly loves,  
Is him who's virtuous.

A virt'ous man still should be lov'd,  
Although he live remote,  
And at such distance, that we can  
Receive no benefit.

The man who's most abandoned,  
Is apt to wish his friend,  
Who is related near to him,  
A noble, virt'ous mind.



The *darling vice* he did pursue,  
While youth was on his side,  
Of others he will jealous be;  
From him they can't it hide.

The *virt'ous mind*, when that it is  
In a fair body set,  
It's beauty charms all who behold,  
At least in fair sex met.

The ornament that does attend,  
Which Virtue makes excell,  
Is chearfulness in ev'ry state  
That to mankind befal;

Good nature ornaments also;  
They both must go together;  
They make man easy in this life;  
There is no vice in either:

The first keeps melancholy off,  
Which often brings despair;  
The last our nat'ral hatred stops,  
That caus'd our minds to four,

T H E

## DEVIL'S ANSWER

T O T H E

## POET'S ADDRESS.

W HAE'ER thou be, thou art na blate,  
Wha mocks a *Sp'rit* o' ancient date,  
Wha 't best is in a *confin'd state*,  
An' canna pass  
Beyond the *bounds* an' *limits* set  
By the *first Cause*.

You *Poets*, when you lift your pen,  
A' but yourselfs to me you sen';  
But, by this time, *thee* weel I ken;  
Thou'rt my *acquaintance*,

These twenty years I did thee learn  
To *blether nonsense*.

I own *man's credit* was na *fina'*,  
When he was new, an' tight, an' bra;  
His pow'r was great to *rule* o'er a'  
Things that were made;  
But soon his *pride* did let him fa',  
For a' that's said,

Although I am a *creature* made,  
No pow'r o'er me *old Adam* had,  
Then why shouldst thou wi' names upbraid,  
An' so ill use me,  
Wha now am chain'd by *God's strong hand*,  
An' can't abuse thee?

Thou ca's me *Hornie, Nick an' Clootie*,  
An' tells my cave is *grim an' footie*;  
But stop, thou'lt, may-be, be my *booty*;  
I'll try my skill;  
I'll gang as far as *Fate* will let me,  
An' wi' guid will.

I'll thee entice baith day an' night;  
O' me thou need be in nae fright;  
As *Deil* I'll ne'er come i' thy fight;

Thou'lt still embrace  
My *motions*, which will yield delight;  
When done wi' grace.

I know thou hast a *wanton turn*,  
Wi' *passions stout* as e'er were born;  
Thou lik'st the *Maid* wi' hainches roun'

An' waist genteel,  
Wi' een jet black, an' hair nut brown,  
Thy heart she'll steal;

Wha walks so neat, throws out her toes,  
An' minches as she past thee goes:  
By such thou'rt hooked by the nose

For a' thy skill;  
Thou'lt ne'er me blame, I'm so abstruse,  
Thou'lt take thy will,

Thou tells thou ance *was fear'd thyself*:  
Nae wonder! for 'tis *guilt* maks bell:



Thy conscience check'd, wi' such a knell,  
Did mak thee *shake*,  
For naething mair than *fugh o' quill*  
O' *duck* or *drake*.

Thou tells, by times I *travel far*,  
An' that I'm neither *blate* nor *scaur*—  
Mock not! let never *guid frien's* jar  
Wi' ane anither,  
Thou'rt my *full mark*, baith *keel* an' *tar*,  
If not a *brither*.

Pray R—b, the *Rhymer*, just nae mair,  
An' o' your titles take a care;  
Or else ye ken how ye shall fare,  
For a' your cracks,  
An' muckle-thought-o' rhyming ware,  
An' catching snacks.

An' if your mocks I more shall hear,  
I, by my *cavern deep*, do swear,  
Upo' you vengeance I will rear;  
Thou shalt lament

What thou hast publish'd, far an' near,  
Me to affront.

With *irony* thou speak'st wi' glee,  
Which shows thy disrespect to me;  
Bids me *repent*, an' then *may-be*  
I'll hae a *stake*;

I thank thee for thy wae-like e'e,  
For fashion's sake;

For o' my *hopes* I canna boast;  
For fure an' certain I am *lost*:  
'The *sure decree* 'gainst me is past,  
An' canna alter!  
May-be thou'lt ken't, unto thy cost,  
If I thee *balter*.

Thy chance is little mair than mine;  
Thou mock'st at ev'ry thing *divine*:  
Thy *rhbetoric* has made thee shine,  
To please the *wicked*;  
But ere thou round the corner twine,  
I'll hae thee *nicked*.

## S O N G I.

*Tune, Over the hills and far away.*

## I.

C O M E see, my dear, the day is clear;  
The sun has chas'd the snow away;  
The Spring doth in her robes appear,  
Come, welcome the sweet month of *May*.

## C H O R U S.

*Pray think how short is here thy stay,  
Pray think how short is here thy stay,  
In midst of all thy joys and sweets,  
Thou may'st be call'd and must obey.*

## II.

Thy face, an emblem of the rose;  
Thou soar'st above the *vernal* train;

Thy ev'ry action sweets disclose;  
Pray, teach me how those sweets to gain,

*Pray think, &c.*

III.

Thy charms each one they me do please;  
Thy *wit* and *sense* are much refin'd;  
Thou speak'st with unaffected ease,  
Which tells the pureness of thy mind.

*Pray think, &c.*

IV.

Though now thou shin'st in *youthful bloom*;  
Yet all thy charms must yield to Fate;  
Thy beauties wither must in time,  
May-be at no great distant date.

*Pray think, &c.*

V.

The night that ends the lightest day  
Doth tell thy time must go apace;  
By Nature's course thou can't here stay,  
*Grim Death* at last must take it's place.

*Pray think, &c.*



## VI.

May'st thou live long each joy to share,  
Well guarded from all ills below,  
And still be under *Hymen's* care,  
Who hath rich blessings to bestow.

*Pray think, &c.*

## VII.

When Time shall finish out thy days,  
And call thee home from this vain place,  
May Angels guard thee on those ways,  
Where thou may'st rest in endless peace.

*Pray think how short is here thy stay,  
Pray think how short is here thy stay,  
In midst of all thy joys and sweets,  
Thou may'st be call'd and must obey.*

## S O N G II.

Tune, *Johnny's Grey Brecks*

## I.

WHEN I upon thy bosom lean,  
Enraptur'd, I do call thee mine;  
I glory in those *sacred ties*,  
That made us *one*, who once were *twain*.

## II.

A *mut'al flame* inspires us both;  
The tender look, the melting kiss,  
Ev'n years shall ne'er destroy our love;  
Some sweet sensation new will rise.

## III.

Have I a *wish*? 'tis all for thee;  
I know thy *wish* is me to please;  
Our moments pass so smooth away,  
That numbers on us look and gaze.

## IV.

Well pleas'd to see our *happy days*,  
They bid us *live* and still *love* on;  
And if some cares shall chance to rise,  
Thy bosom still shall be my home.

## V.

I'll lull me there and take my rest;  
And if that ought disturb my *fair*,  
I'll bid her laugh her cares all out,  
And beg her not to drop a tear.

## VI.

Have I a *joy*? 'tis all her own;  
Her heart and mine are all the same;  
They're like the *woodbine* round the tree,  
That's twin'd till Death shall us disjoin.

## S O N G III.

Tune, *Ewe-bughts Marion.*

## I.

**W**ILL you leave me my blithe spang-  
ing las,

And not of my love take share?

The country sure's more fit for thy health,  
Than breathing the town's foul air,

## II.

I love thee so dearly my Marion;

From thee I've ne'er gone astray:

Can love nor persuasion you alter,

And on you prevail for to stay?



## III.

O Marion, could'st thou change thy purpose,  
And hear what thy *shepherd* will say;  
He's so deep in love, nought can it remove;  
He's wasted with sighs all the day!

## IV.

Oh Marion! my heart is a breaking!  
Thy charms they've so struck my eye;  
No melody sweet my heart can e'er cheer;  
My *pipe* and my *crook* are thrown by!

## V.

The *birds* that did sing on the bushes,  
And found their notes through the dale,  
No more fill my soul with sweet raptures,  
But listen to hear me bewail.

## VI.

No more yon *sweet brook* gives me pleasure,  
Whose waters us'd smoothly to flow;  
I ne'er heed the *gowd-spinks* that chatter,  
Nor beautiful *daisies* that grow.

## VII.

Has *pity* left Marion's sweet bosom,  
Where all the lov'd graces did play?  
Am I doom'd from her sight to be banish'd,  
And forc'd from my *Charmer* away?

## VIII.

Dear Marion, pray don't leave me mourning;  
Forfake me not thus to despair:  
Oh stay and delight me, my Marion,  
And of my fond love take a share!

## IX.

May the winds blow gently on Marion,  
And waft her to fields clad in grass:  
*O ye gods!* be the *guides* of my Marion;  
For her charms I ever must praise.

## S O N G IV.

## I.

WHERE the roses do sweeten yon  
bow'r,  
And the flow'rs do adorn the gay green,  
Where the grass is refresh'd by each flow'r,  
Which serves much to brighten the scene,

## II.

In a *cottage*, retir'd, there does live  
Young Willy and Peggy so fair;  
The  *blessings*  each one does receive,  
In *mut'al enjoyments*, they share.

## III.

The sweets of *contentment* supplies,  
The *splendor* and *grandeur of pride*;  
No wants can kind Willy annoy,  
While blest with his bonny, sweet *Bride*.

## IV.

He wishes no greater delight,  
Than tend his fine flock through the day,  
And return to his Peggy at night;  
His innocent toil she'll repay.

## V.

If Willy delighted appears,  
His Peggy partakes of his *bliss*;  
If sad, she will sooth all his cares,  
And heal all his pains with a *kiss*.

## VI.

She hateth each *artful deceit*,  
That's practis'd in *city* and *court*;  
Thinks happiness no where complete,  
Where *shepherds* and *nymphs* do not meet.

## VII.

You lads who're accusom'd to rove,  
Who innocent *fair ones* betray;  
No longer be faithless in love;  
The *dictates* of *honour* obey.



## VIII.

You nymphs, who with *beauty* shine sweet,  
With *Virtue* improve ev'ry grace;  
The charms of the mind, when complete,  
Will dignify those of the face.

---

## S O N G V.

Tune, *Randly House*.

## I.

**M**Y dear, know ye the reason why  
This day that I came here?  
It was on purpose to obtain  
The *love* of *You*, my dear.  
A a

## II.

Amongst all other ladies fair,  
Like you there is but few;  
Therefore, that is the reason why  
I plac'd my love on you.

## III.

Some say, you're come of *noble blood*;  
My dear, I know that's true;  
But I am come of *Adam's seed*;  
Remember so are you.

## IV.

It's said 'tis riches you do want,  
And you slight me therefore;  
But I have what's ordain'd for me;  
Surely you have no more.

## S O N G VI.

Tune, *An thou wert my ain thing.*

I.

**W**HILE others chide away their days,  
 I'll praise the charms of *Summer gay*;  
 By *love inspir'd*, I'll sing my lays,  
 And tell how dear I love thee.

## C H O R U S.

*An thou wert my ain thing,  
 I would love thee, I would love thee;  
 An thou wert my ain thing,  
 How dearly would I love thee?*

II.

There's not a lassie that I ken,  
 Has half such kindness to me shewn;

A a 2

My state is hard, thou'lt me bemoan;  
For dearly I do love thee.

*An thou wert, &c.*

III.

Thy *form* is neat, thy *air* is gay;  
Thou'rt sweeter than the flow'rs in May;  
From thee my mind shall never stray;  
For weel thou kens I love thee.

*An thou wert, &c.*

IV.

The swains, I know, they me envy,  
And beg to me thou may'st prove shy;  
But *Hymen* bids them hop away,  
For weel he kens I love thee.

*An thou wert, &c.*

V.

There's none should blame thee tho' thou'rt  
kind  
To me, who hath a gen'rous mind:  
I'm loath to do what will offend  
The *Maid* I love so dearly.

*An thou wert, &c.*



## VI.

At Ev'n I'll meet thee in yon *grove* ;  
'Tis there where I'll reward thy love :  
I'll promise, and shall faithful prove,  
To thee whom I love dearly.

*An thou wert, &c.*

## VII.

I beg thou'lt not despise a *youth*  
So much inclin'd to *love* and *truth*,  
Who will not let fly from his mouth,  
The *words* that will deceive thee.

*An thou wert, &c.*

## VIII.

And if thou wert my *wedded wife*,  
I'd bless thee with my love for life :  
Betwixt us twa should ne'er be strife ;  
*Great Hymen* aye shall guard thee.

*An thou wert my ain thing,*  
*I would love thee, I would love thee ;*  
*An thou wert my ain thing,*  
*How dearly would I love thee ?*

## S O N G VII.

Tune, *Wat ye wha I met yestreen,*

## I.

WHEN gen'al sun brought down the  
snow,

And freely loos'd the *frost-bound soil*,  
The melted streams they then did flow,  
And *ploughmen* join'd their ann'al toil;  
'Twas then, amidst the *vernal throng*,  
Whom Nature wakes to *mirth* and *love*,  
I listen'd to their am'rous song,  
That thus did echo through the grove,

## II.

I looked back and saw my Jean,  
For whom I *sigh*, for whom I *mourn*;  
I bade her listen to my strain,  
And grant my *love* a kind return:

Jean, see the *Winter storm* is flown,  
And *Zephyrs* warmly fan the air;  
Let us our love t' each other own  
And *matrimon'al pastimes* share.

## III.

To thee I'll shew the *joys of love*;  
With thee I'll share the *cares of life*;  
No fonder husband e'er shall prove,  
Nor none shall be a happier wife.  
Wilt thou go near yon clearest rill,  
Where streams amongst the pebbles stray?  
There we will sit and tell our tale,  
As long as we have ought to say.

## IV.

I dropt my song; the pretty *Maid*,  
With *tender pity*, heard my *strain*;  
She felt, she own'd, and thus she said,  
" I'll hasten to relieve thy pain."  
Together, through the fields, we stray'd  
Straight to yon pleasant river side,  
Where we renew'd our *vows*, and pray'd  
That *honest truth* might be our guide.

## V.

I led her to my wee, small home,  
Where I did lie down by her side;  
I was the happiest *Bridegroom*,  
And she, no doubt, a well pleas'd *Bride*.  
To get her food I'll plough the fields,  
And sow my seeds of ev'ry kind;  
Then we shall reap what Nature yields,  
And *Love's* assid'ous care can find.

## VI.

From my *true love* I ne'er shall stray,  
To taste the world's sweets at large:  
I'll stay at home, *content* and *gay*,  
To help her with her *infant charge*:  
When prompted by *parental care*,  
Both warm and clean we'll keep our *young*;  
With her this task I'll fondly share,  
And cheer her labours with my *song*.



## S O N G      VIII,

Tune, *Lochaber no more*,

## I.

**W**HEN West winds did blow with a  
    soft gentle breeze,  
And sweet blooming verdure did clothe all  
    the trees,  
I went forth one morning, to hail the new  
    *Spring*,  
And hear the *sweet songsters* all warble and  
    sing;  
Quite charm'd with the prospect, so pleasant  
    and gay,  
And with *love* quite o'erwhelmed, I fainted  
    away:  
I thought on my Jenny, whose looks me be-  
    tray'd,  
And deeply afflicted, I sigh'd and thus said,  
    B b

## II.

*Ye gods!* who reside in the regions above,  
Deprive me of life, or inspire her with *love!*  
Make Jenny's sweet bosom to feel for my  
    pain,  
That I may sweet *peace* and *contentment* regain;  
Then in a retreat, with my *Dear* I will dwell;  
*Contentment* shall guard us in yon humble cell:  
Remote, we'll live happy and free from all  
    care;  
Our *health* be our *wealth* and we ne'er shall  
    despair.

## III.

Then we'll be as happy as the *rural throng*,  
Who with mirth are inspired, though artless  
    their song:  
With frolic and freedom we still shall be gay,  
And join all the *songsters* in their sprightly  
    lay:  
And if pale *distress*, with a *faultering voice*,  
Shall e'er vex my *Love*, I will make her re-  
    joice:

If Nature demand of her a feeling tear,  
My *Dear's* drooping heart with a *song* I will  
chear.

## IV.

My breast it shall never defy that sweet  
*flame*,  
That I feel for her, my dear Jenny by name;  
Although 'tis bewitching, how sweet is 't to  
love!  
I'll charm all that listen to me in yon grove.  
When she heard my complaint, she, swift  
from her bed,  
Came out bouncing to me. I kiss'd the dear  
*Maid*.  
Then happy was Jenny, and to me she flew;  
She was gentle and kind, and I hope she'll  
prove true.

## V.

And to banish each *care* that my *peace* did  
annoy,  
And convince me that she would no longer  
be coy,

She smil'd sweetly on me, and gave me her  
hand,

And with blushes did own she was at my  
command:

Transported with joy, while she lean'd on  
my breast,

I thank'd the kind *gods* who had heard my  
request;

So I to all *sorrows* and *cares* bid farewell,

While Jenny does love me, no care I can feel.



## S O N G IX.

Tune, *My Nanny O.*

### I.

**W**HEN we were young, and nature  
strong,

We fondly did each other teaze;

Sweet melting looks our breasts inflam'd;

Our greatest care was, how to please,



## II.

Then blood flow'd warm in ev'ry vein;  
But Ah! now *frozen age* is come!  
We no more feel these soft alarms;  
Love's cold; sweet beauty's lost it's bloom!

## III.

Though *Winter's frost* the earth does bind,  
Sweet *Spring* renews the blooming scene;  
And though each beaut'ous flow'r be lost,  
Mild show'rs revive the verdure green:

## IV.

But when our *Spring* and *Summer's* o'er,  
We lose the taste of sweet delight;  
Our spirits fall to rise no more;  
*Old age* brings on dark, gloomy night!

## V.

What joy is found in *love's alarms*,  
When blood is warm, and passion glows!  
But at *threescore*, we find the charms,  
That once shone bright, their lustre lose.

## VI.

For though each day sun yields to night,  
After that he has run his race,  
Next Morn he shines with glorious light,  
T' illumine all the human race :

## VII.

Not so with man, when once he dies,  
He no more tastes the chearful light !  
His sun is set, no more to rise ;  
He's 'prison'd fast in *endless night* !

## VIII.

While *youth*, and *health*, and *vigour* last,  
O let us prize the mighty *boon*,  
And bless kind Heav'n for all it's gifts,  
Before death drop the curtain down !

## S O N G X.

Tune, *Gilderoy*.

## I.

**N**OW fields are deck'd with rural pride,  
And rocks with echoes ring;  
The purling brook does smoothly glide,  
And birds melodious sing;  
The pretty lamb, upon the plain,  
Does frisk, and skip, and play,  
And linnets warble through their throats,  
Their sweet, melodious lay:

## II.

But what are flow'ry lawns to me,  
Or found-repeating rocks?

Or what the music of the groves,  
Or slow, smooth gliding brooks?  
Or what care I for pretty lambs,  
That skip upon the plains,  
While I am absent from the *Maid*,  
Who all my joy contains?

## III.

Can field that's green, like Jenny please,  
Or birds her wit express?  
Or can those brooks, that smoothly glide,  
Compare with her address?  
O happy shall I be, when I  
Shall clasp her in my arms!  
Without her life's to me a pain;  
I'm charmed with her *charms*!



## S O N G XI.

Tune, *Gilderoy*.

## I.

**B**Y AYR'S sweet banks and wimpling  
stream,  
One ev'ning, in the *Spring*,  
I walked forth to view the plain,  
And hear the birds all sing:  
A place remote I there did choose,  
Well shelter'd and retir'd,  
And there I sung great *Nature's* praise,  
Whate'er the Muse inspir'd.

## II.

When sun was past his scorching heat,  
And birds to thickets flown,

C c

And *maids*, in bands, their *lads* do meet,  
Their lab'ring task b'ing done:  
There I heard music fill the grove,  
Beyond *description's* pow'r;  
Such music as my heart did move  
Till past the twilight hour.

## III.

Harmonious to the stream that glides,  
Their *lays* melodious flow:  
They sang; I join'd the *tuneful* tribe,  
Till all my heart did glow.  
The *Zephyrs* mild did gently fawn,  
With whispers soft and low,  
O'er waving corn, and flow'ry lawns,  
And brooks and streams also.

## IV.

Amid those banks the primrose grows,  
With vari'd pinks and flow'rs,  
That much adorn the banks and braes,  
And beaut'ous, verdant bow'rs:

No dreary frosts e'er dry those streams,  
The flocks, with wand'ring pace,  
Go nibbling round yon hills and plains,  
And round yon banks and braes.

## V.

Far from the din of *baleful strife*,  
The *shepherd* here doth dwell;  
He lives a qui't, contented life,  
In his small, humble *cell*:  
He hears the *songsters* in the woods,  
That warble through their throat:  
Sweet flow'rs, around, their odours spread,  
That much perfume the spot,

## VI.

The whisp'rings of the gentle breeze  
Do yield much sweet delight;  
They fan and shake the leaves of trees  
Most pleasant to the sight:  
Now rustling filks and high drest hair,  
Where are your boasted joys?

Your face a borrow'd smile does wear,  
While drest in idle toys.

## VII.

No bold *ambition* here is seen,  
Nor *tricks* for catching gold;  
The *shepherds* here, though they live mean,  
Their joys cannot be told:  
They court no favours of the great;  
*Wild passions* don't them sway;  
Nor do they wish a great estate;  
Their time slips soft away.

## VIII.

No *shepherd* here would cross the seas  
In quest of *paultry gain*,  
Nor measure *leagues* from quay to quay,  
For all they could obtain:  
They still will toil and be content,  
As long's they here may stay;  
With faithful *dog*, and *plaid*, and *kent*,  
From *truth's paths* they won't stray.



## S O N G      XII.

Tune, *Broom of Cowdenknows.*

## I.

WHEN first I saw my pretty Maid,  
My heart was deeply seiz'd;  
*Love's arrows* firmly in me stuck,  
Though wounded, yet was pleas'd.

## C H O R U S.

*O the maid, the pretty, pretty maid,  
The maid with the fine black een;  
I love to meet such a maid in the dark,  
And with her gang hame at E'en.*

## II.

I have no pow'r to wish myself  
Relieved of this *pain*;

Some *torments* here I do endure;  
 Her *heart* I crave in vain.

*O the maid, &c.*

III.

I, unreserv'd, gave all my heart;  
 'Tis all that *love* can give!  
 But when I ask *kind love's return*,  
 She has no heart to give.

*O the maid, &c.*

IV.

'Tis true, she's decent; and I must  
 Admire her lovely face:  
 There's something that I cannot name  
 Gives all her airs a grace.

*O the maid, &c.*

V.

I think she's formed man to please,  
 Amidst the greatest throng:  
 She smiles, and laughs, and sings with ease,  
 Contented all day long:

*O the maid, &c.*

## VI.

But what avails her comely face,  
Although it sweetly shine;  
Or ev'n that something, I can't name,  
Without a *feeling mind*?

*O the maid, &c.*

## VII.

In vain I have her features trac'd,  
Although they are serene:  
May Fate protect me from the ills  
That I'm deep plunged in.

*O the maid, &c.*

## VIII.

*Ye gods!* lend me some *loving maid*,  
With sympathizing heart,  
Whose soul with delicacies flows,  
And shares of all my smart.

*O the maid, &c.*

## IX.

Some jealousy betrays my tongue;  
I stammer when I speak:

My brain's bewilder'd in my head;  
My heart is like to break!

*O the maid, &c.*

## X.

When I see her with others dance,  
I restless am and mad:  
My heart within me hot does burn;  
I'm jealous and dismay'd!

*O the maid, &c.*

## XI.

She scarce will give one smile to me;  
Some coxcomb hath her won:  
'Tis hard to *bate* in midst of *love*,  
Though I must bear the scorn!

*O the maid, &c.*

## XII.

The *gods* an independent life,  
To most men have deni'd;  
But in full store, they've given me,  
A *loving, feeling mind*.

*O the maid, &c.*



## XIII.

A spirit strong I really crave,  
 With modest share of pride,  
 To spurn against all female arts,  
 That shift *true love* aside.

*O the maid, &c.*

## XIV.

And since that I must sigh in vain,  
 When I am sore perplexed,  
 I'm now resolv'd to fly thy charms,  
 And never more be vexed.

*O the maid, the pretty, pretty maid,  
 The maid with the fine black een;  
 I love to meet such a maid in the dark,  
 And with her gang bame at E'en.*

## S O N G XIII.

*Tune, O'er the moor among the heather.*

## I.

**A**LL human joy is but a dream,  
When 'tis compar'd with solid pleasure;  
fure;

'Tis but a transitory gleam,  
Because 'tis not a lasting treasure.

## II.

*Fate* shoots across and disappoints;  
It cheats the *wise* as well's the *simple*:  
It mocks at all my *tricks* and *cants*:  
In *Fate* there's many a turn and wimple.

## III.

Hope's, rainbow-like, while 'tis at hand,  
Seems pretty from it's var'ous colours;  
But when you think you will it find,  
It still eludes it's keenest foll'wers.

## IV.

In *fancy's* airy dreams I rove,  
Deluded still with phantoms flying;  
I tri'd my art of winning love,  
But ere I kent, my grandeur's dying:

## V.

Yet still I wish'd and wish'd again,  
Still thought my friendship captivating;  
Though what I fought, I fought in vain,  
And must all pass for idle prating:

## VI.

But since 'tis so, I'll take the fields,  
And through the flow'ry lawns go walking,  
To view the sweets that Nature yields,  
And of *hard Fate* give over talking.

## VII.

I'll through yon banks, and heath-clad hills,  
Go range, to hear the *birds* all playing,  
And listen to yon trickling rills,  
And see the fleecy flocks all straying:

## VIII.

I'll see the verdant, flow'ry mead,  
And hear the plaintive Coothat cooing:  
My eyes on *Nature's beauties* feed,  
On fields of corn, and rivers flowing.

## IX.

I'll hail *Aurora's* gladsome beam,  
Shot forth to make all nature *canty*;  
And neither murmur nor complain,  
Nor fear that meagre phantom *want aye*.

## X.

My moments, while they thus do pass,  
I'll sweetly spend both blithe and jolly;  
Yet still I'll mind, *all flesh is grass*,  
*And life's a dream and idle folly!*



## XI.

Such *bliss profuse*, it could not last ;  
It play'd deceitful with my passion :  
I may lament the time that's past,  
Though spent with my whole inclination.

## XII.

I'll to some melancholy *cell*,  
And there repeat what Nature gives me ;  
And there, in peace, remote I'll dwell,  
Where *foes*, though keen, shall seldom grieve  
me.

## XIII.

The *Muses* *shy* I will invoke,  
And tell how *Fate* and *fickle Fortune*  
Have play'd, in making me their joke,  
When I with *mirth* and *glee* was sporting.

## XIV.

The rocks shall hear my *plaintive tale* ;  
For rocks, like men, can not deceive me :

Their found flies harmless through the  
vale;  
But men's deceitful smiles now grieve me!

## XV.

The fury of contending tides  
Doth drive me fast on shore that's rocky,  
While *frowning Fortune* stands besides,  
And disappointments me do mock aye.

## XVI.

Farewell ye beauties of the Morn,  
And Nature's pleasing scenes so pretty;  
For *follies past* I'm left to mourn,  
Yet for the best I'll sing my *ditty*.

## S O N G      XIV.

Tune, *Tweed Side.*

## I.

COMPANIONS, with me take your  
walk,

And see where my *sweetheart* is gane;  
I'll tell you how freely we've talk'd,  
Which is the strong cause of my pain:  
Her temper was mild as the breeze,  
That fans to make cool the hot day;  
Her manner me always did please;  
Her presence drove dull hours away.

## II.

Her heart ne'er was puff'd up with pride;  
True friendship's abode was her breast:  
Such sweetness in her did reside,  
That I with her charms was full blest.

Her goodness she freely bestow'd,  
On such as deserved her care:  
Her bosom did heave when it glow'd  
For me while I sank in *despair*.

## III.

How oft from my *Lover's* fine eyes,  
Did tears of affection run down?  
How heavy each day were my *sighs*,  
When all hopes of *marriage* were gone?  
How oft in the twilight, at Ev'n,  
Delighted, we walk'd o'er the plain,  
Where birds sweetly sang on the green,  
And rocks echo'd back the sweet strain?

## IV.

No more shall the beautiful *Spring*  
By me be compar'd with her charms,  
Nor *songsters* me please with their song;  
Since my *Love* is fled from my arms.  
The seasons return now in vain,  
Since my *Love* is fled to the shore;



Each *scene* serves to heighten my pain,  
That us'd to give pleasure before.

## V.

All friends now attend to my strain,  
And pity my *cruel distress*;  
I now must lament through the plain;  
My *sorrows* I can not express!  
All day I'm tormented with *care*!  
With *grief* I am fullen and sad!  
I am rack'd with the pangs of *despair*!  
All night when I toss in my bed!

## VI.

*False woman*, in ages to come  
Thy *falsehood* detested shall be;  
No *truth* in thy heart there is found;  
Thou'rt stain'd with abhorr'd perjury!  
But patience my heart shall sustain,  
Those *pangs* I am doom'd to endure;  
I'll mount and I'll ride o'er the plain,  
And try to forget the false wh—re.

## S O N G XV.

Tune, *Tweed Side.*

## I.

**H**OW gaily at first we begin  
Our lives in this uncertain state?  
We shine like the delightful sun,  
That gives light to both small and great.  
We ardently hasten to climb,  
Scarce feeling, yet still we ascend,  
And rise upon the *bill of time*,  
Expecting great pleasure to find.

## II.

How sweet the first *ideas* are,  
That wander and pass through our mind?

How fully each *joy* we possess,  
And flourish like flow'rs in their prime?  
How pleasant is the *Book of Fate*,  
Till once that we it understand?  
We find *partial hope* is our lot,  
That often did *fancy* command:

## III.

But when that our *fortune* is known,  
Our fond expectation is past;  
Some thorns, that were formerly fown,  
May rise up and prick us at last:  
Those thorns we say do us much harm,  
They're sent for to bear us close down;  
Our *smiles* can no more bring a charm;  
There's nought in our looks but a *frown*.

## IV.

Such alas! is the *fate* of the man,  
In this world who hopes to be blest;  
From object to object he roams,  
Yet still's disappointed at last:

The *toys* that do glance in his eye,  
All gay at a distance appear;  
But soon as he does them draw nigh,  
Like *bubbles*, they vanish in air!



## S O N G XVI.

Tune, *Allan Water*.

## I.

**T**HROUGH tow'ring woods, and shades,  
and groves,  
I rang'd, to find a *constant lover*,  
Whose heaving breasts do pant and move,  
And heave a sigh, *love* to discover.  
She's sweet, she's charming, and divine;  
She's full of *love*, her beauty shineth;



She walks so neat: *gods!* were she mine!  
Her radiant eyes soft slumber sealeth.

## II.

Her head she leans upon the ground,  
Though wind blows hard, she's not dismay'd:  
Her locks fly loose, and all unbound,  
Unnumber'd charms are here display'd.  
Her *skin* is like the Parian white;  
Her *cheeks* are like vermilion ruddy;  
Her *nectar lips* yield much delight,  
Ambrosial sweetness there is found aye.

## III.

Her *iv'ry neck*, that is expos'd,  
Is soft as silk, and smooth and glossy;  
Her *lovely bosom*, when 'tis prest,  
Doth heave and swell, when we lie cozy.  
Some gazing hours I have employ'd,  
And homeward have I oft convey'd her;  
When I her company enjoy'd,  
Enraptur'd was my soul with pleasure!

## IV.

I scarce could move, was so oppress'd;  
My *heart* beat thick while I sat by her,  
With *ready sigh* and *flutt'ring breast*,  
Still fearing that she might turn shyer.  
Awake, thou sleeping *Innocence*,  
And hear my *sighs* and gentle *whispers*;  
I ne'er intend to give offence,  
Though charms around thee hang in clusters,

## V.

Thy *graces* surely are *divine*;  
Thou'rt goodness all supremely pleasing;  
I'll guard that innocence of thine,  
And bid all *fops* give over teasing.  
The *tuneful throng* may wing their way;  
Their tunes decay, when cold's the season;  
But thine and mine shall last for aye;  
When Nature fails, we'll sing from reason.

## S O N G      XVII.

Tune, *Roslin Castle.*

## I.

'TIS here the *Muse's* fame I'll raise;  
Her songs from AYR shall ne'er decay:

In tender, soothing, artless strains,  
Harmonious sounds shall always stay.

## II.

Sequester'd here, the *Muse* may boast  
The *Muirland Bards* shall raise her fame,  
With *lays* resounding round the coast,  
O'er hills, and dales, and woodlands green.

## III.

'Tis now my *rural pipe* I'll tune;  
With feeble strains I'll *swains* amuse;  
Though it be AYR-SHIRE's afternoon,  
She'll by her *Bardies* mirth diffuse:

## IV.

She'll still some jolly *Poets* raise,  
Both kind in heart and free of guile,  
Who love to sing great *Nature's praise*,  
That makes the Muse on AYR-SHIRE smile.

## V.

Here I shall hide my best lov'd *child*,  
From trade and all that makes a shew:  
I'll let him wander on yon mead,  
Or sit upon some mountain's brow:

## VI.

'Tis there he'll see the rocks so wild,  
And *ocean* dashing out her foam;  
There he may deck his youthful head,  
With wreaths of lilies newly blown.



## VII,

Rejoice, my boy! the *Muse* shall guard  
Thy lonely *grove* thou chosen hath;  
Display such sounds as ne'er were heard,  
In artless music's lovely breath.

---

## S O N G XVIII.

Tune, *Bonny Jean*.

## I.

**M**Y lovely Jeany is so fair,  
Has charms all o'er, in ev'ry part,  
Her ev'ry feature's grown a *snare*,  
To catch and wound my *bleeding heart*!

F f

## II.

I'm like the bird that strives in vain,  
And labours hard for to be freed ;  
The more I struggle with my *pain*,  
My *wounded heart* the more does bleed !

## III.

Although the *gods* her heart have made  
Insensible of *love* or *care*,  
Yet still I'll gaze, and hope for aid :  
She's *good* ; so I will not despair !

## IV.

Come, tell me you who read the skies,  
This *mystery* you must disclose,  
Why, for the pleasure of their eyes,  
Men forfeit all their sweet repose ?

## S O N G XIX.

Tune, *Johnny's Grey Brecks.*

## I.

**I**NTEMPERANCE, thy pleasure's false;  
Thou art the cause of *future pain* :  
By *abstinence* I thee will curb,  
And fly thy *wild, delusive train.*

## II.

When smoothly flows a silent tide,  
And passion's qui't and undisturb'd,  
And gross affections all subdu'd,  
My reason's no more under cloud :

## III.

Then, in *old age*, I'm fresh and green,  
My judgement still is sound and clear ;  
My sentiments will be refin'd,  
And virtue still shall be my care.

## IV.

Remorse of conscience may, no doubt,  
Disturb my breast, and give disqui't;  
But while my reason keeps the field,  
*Intemperance* I still shall hate:

## V.

But when that passion bears the sway,  
Then I may bid adieu to peace;  
Contentment I can not enjoy,  
Nor can I have corporeal ease.

## VI.

The *gout*, the *gravel*, or some *ilks*  
That may be of a *ghastly train*,  
Will still my character expose,  
And bring reproach instead of fame.

## VII.

When *reason* once hath lost the helm,  
And *headlong passions* bear the sway,  
To actions that do bring disgrace,  
They hurry mankind fast away:



## VIII.

It hastens on *old age* too soon,  
And is the cause of many tears,  
With shaking hand and furrow'd brow,  
A man seems old at forty years :

## IX.

But by the rules of *temperance*,  
Some men advance to good *old age*,  
And seldom feel the *racking pains*,  
That many meet upon this stage.

## X.

Away with feasts of luxury !  
Or *gilded baits* that have me ta'en !  
Ye *gaudy scenes* now fly away,  
That make me pay so dear with pain !

## S O N G XX.

Tune, *Banks of Banna.*

## I.

NO virt'ous forms, or beaut'ous nymphs,  
 Could e'er compare with Anna;  
 Nor could detain my wand'ring heart  
 Upon the banks of Banna:  
 Their charms could never last an hour,  
 Nor could endure like Anna;  
 But like a *transient dream* depart  
 All flow'rs that grow on Banna.

## II.

She's fam'd for Banna's matchless prize;  
 No subject's fair like Anna;  
 I see such lustre in her eyes,  
 As charms me more than Banna:  
 When Bett and Susan's by my side,  
 My mind runs wide through Banna;

Each, in their turn, my heart divide,  
Yet still there's room for Anna.

## III.

The present always is most fair,  
I roam and range through Banna:  
All passion's hush'd, and quite unheard,  
Whilst I think on my Anna.  
From this to that I often range,  
O'er all the banks of Banna;  
Yet never let one moment pass,  
That I could grasp my Anna.

## IV.

I scorn to whinge, I freely rove  
O'er all the banks of Banna;  
All *lawless pleasures* I despise,  
That e'er can hurt my Anna.  
And though each lass I saw I lo'ed,  
Ev'n all that live on Banna,  
Yet still I scorn all womankind,  
Compar'd with my dear Anna.

## S O N G                      XXI.

## I.

**Y**E *Muses*, pray my heart inspire,  
And tune my *vocal string*;  
Hear my *complaints* while I stay here;  
Teach me your praise to sing.

## II.

Some *tedious days*, as dark as night,  
I have no comfort known,  
Nor shar'd one moment of delight;  
My freedom now is gone!

## III.

I'm here confin'd, I may not stir;  
I share much *languid wo*!  
Each ling'ring night, like to *despair*,  
Mine eyes with *grief* o'erflow!



## IV.

No rays of *liberty* I find  
That can delight my soul:  
The *Muse* and *liberty*'s all one;  
They cannot bear control.

## V.

Why fled so soon my *joyful days*,  
Which once were *blithe* and *free*,  
And fed on friendship's soft'ring rays,  
Which rays gave life to me?

## VI.

Return, *sweet pleasures*, once again,  
Sweet *Liberty* return;  
Dispel my *grief*, unbind my *chain*;  
Don't leave me here to mourn!

## VII.

My soul, that's now in thralldom bound,  
Enjoys no sweet repose;  
Yet Fate my chains may all unbind;  
'Tis heav'n that gifts bestows.

## VIII.

Around me once fine flow'rs did grow,  
And birds did sweetly sing;  
My cheek then wore a healthful hue,  
Like roses in the Spring:

## IX.

Now finest sweets can't serve my board,  
That's found on *land* or *sea*—  
No pleasure they can me afford  
Whilst I want *Liberty*!

## X.

The new caught bird put in the cage,  
Though in a painted hall,  
She flutters round, still in a rage;  
Set free, she'll scorn them all.

## XI.

Why should a man, by *chance* o'erthrown,  
Or by *oppression* caught,  
Beneath this load so heavy grown,  
That wounds his manly thought?

## XII.

Pray, what's the odds? 'tis only gold  
 That makes his front to shine;  
 His frame is of no finer mould,  
 Nor purer dust than mine.

## XIII.

No brighter fun can light his steps,  
 Than what has shone on me!  
 All *genuine comforts* I respect,  
 That come from the *Most High*.

## XIV.

Pray, where is his *conspicuous worth*,  
 That rais'd his *matchless fame*?  
 He stamps dominion on his birth,  
 That men may fear his name:

## XV.

His *pride* looks down with sullen brow,  
 On all men who are poor;  
 Ev'n though to him the knee they bow,  
 Their cry he will not hear:

## XVI.

His high ambition him doth sway;  
Gold makes his name to live:  
To him the *senseless* homage pay;  
'Tis mean such to receive.

## XVII.

All spurious arts I'll still disdain,  
Nor e'er shall court for state;  
If *truth* and *candour* me shall arm,  
Make honour more complete.

## XVIII.

With social peace I'll live retir'd;  
I'll yield to Nature's sway;  
I'll sing whate'er the *Muse* inspir'd;  
My *wealth* can't make me stray.

## XIX.

I still shall wear a chearful smile;  
I'll pity *wealth* and *pride*;  
No falsehood shall my breast beguile:  
Seek wisdom for my guide.



## XX.

Come *well* or *wo*, I'll dry my *tears*;  
My *hope* shall me defend:  
*Hope* still does whisper in my ears  
The *Muse* shall be my friend.

## XXI.

I never more shall be man's prey,  
Nor ever more complain:  
My *hope* shall drive despair away;  
'Tis *hopes* that me sustain.

## XXII.

Let *knaves* and *rogues* still restless strive,  
Their *fordid* arts to blaze;  
For me, I'll blush e'er to arrive  
At *fame* by such poor ways.



His neighbours know, as well's *himself*,

His *current cash*:

'Tis known by 's being *flat* or *dull*,

Or *spirits flush*.

When that his pockets are quite drain'd,

He's *flat*, he's *dull*, and much *asham'd*;

His *vital pow'rs* appear all maim'd,

Baith word an' action;

He looks like one that's self condemn'd,

Void o' protection.

The very muscles o' his face

Are lines that one may read apace;

So that one's at no loss to guess

His present state,

Whether his pocket's full o' cash,

Or empty yet.

## E L E G Y.

**T**HERE lies here interred,  
Below this *grave stone*,  
The man without merit;  
For friends he had none:

He came to the world  
Both naked and bare;  
Through the most of his life  
He had *trouble and care*.

From this life he's departed  
And free'd from his *woes* 21 1 50  
But where he's gone next  
There is nobody knows.

F I N I S.